The Mourners Blazondry.

HArk how the *doleful Bittern* ſadly moans,
And tunes her *Warbling Reed*, to dying groans.
The *ſtreaming Spots* of *Ermine*, ſeem to weep
That *Innocence* it ſelf (their *Type*) doth ſleep.
The *Croſſes*, once dy'd *Gules*, with Saviours Blood,
Turn *Pale* with grief, as if they underſtood
The *Goſpels* loſs in his: The *Azure Field*
(*Heav'ns Hieroglyphick*) ſhews, *Faith was his Shield.*

S. F. C. G. C. S.

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Insignia Illustrissimi Dom. D. NATHANIELIS BARNARDISTON
Equitis Aurati

Sr Nathaniel Barnardiston of Keston in Suff. K. Obiit A.D. 1653 Æt. 66.
F.H. van Houe Sculp.

SUFFOLKS Tears:

OR

ELEGIES

On that Renowned Knight

Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiſton.*

A Gentleman eminent for Piety to God, love to the Church, and fidelity to his Country; and therefore Highly honored by them all.

He was Five times choſen Knight of the Shire, for the County of *Suffolk*, and once Burgeſs for *Sudbury*.

In the diſcharge of which Truſt, he always approved Himſelf Faithful; as by his great ſufferings for the Freedoms and Liberties of his Countrey, abundantly appear.

A Zealous Promoter of the Preaching of the Goſpel, manifeſted by his great care, in preſenting Men, Able, Learned, and Pious, to the places whereof he had the Patronage; and alſo by his large and extraordinary bounty towards the advancing of Religion and Learning, both at home, and in Forreign Plantations among the Heathen.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat Mori.

London, Printed by *R. I.* for *Tho. Newberry* at the Three Lions in *Cornhil*, near the *Royal Exchange*. 1653.

SUFFOLK'S Tears:

OR

ELEGIES

Upon the Renowned Knight

Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston.

To the VVorſhipful and highly honoured Lady, the Lady *Jane* Barnardiſton.

An Offertory.

THrice Noble Lady, *ſpare that melting Bead,*
Our ſorrows want no jewel from your head;
Still let thoſe ſilver drops, that lightly lye
Like little delug'd worlds *within your eye;*
Fixed abide in their own brighteſt ſphear,
His fame *wants not thoſe* pendents *for her ear;*
Thoſe falling ſtars rob heaven, *we need not thence*
Borrow our griefs, or taxe you with expence:
Behold *how every Mourner brings his ſheet*
To wipe your eyes, and weep himſelf; *'tis meet*
That this ſo publick loſs by th' Countries charge
Should mourned be: Spare, Madam, *then: this large*
And thicker Volume that is here annext,
Is but our Comment on that publick text:
Come Argus, Hieraclitus, *lend your eyes*
To pay on's tomb a liquid ſacrifice;
Lo all the graſſe that round about him lye,
Hangs *full of tears* ſhed from *Dame Natures* eye.
See how ſad Philomele (*that yond'r ſits,*
And to the dancing twig her muſick fits)

Now

Now mourns for him, *the ſilver brook runs on,*
Grumbling to leave thoſe loved banks, *wherein*
A Manſion *once he had; that's now ſet round*
With Cypreſs trees, *and with their branches crown'd;*
So dark, it ſeems Nights mantle *for to borrow,*
And may be cal'd, the gloomy den of ſorrow.
Ere ſince *he di'd; the* Heavens *their griefs to tell,*
Daily in tears to earth's wet boſome fell;
Not in an April *ſtorm, or thoſe in* June,
Whoſe trembling Cadents makes it rain in tune;
But like a grave Decembers *day, or thoſe*
Who mourn in Cicero's *ſtile, and weep in proſe.*
Madam, *you ſee all Natures watry ſtore*
Attends this ſable day, *weep you no more;*
Angels, *that on* your eyes *with bottles wait*
To catch your falling tears, *do now retreat*
With veſſels full; anon again they'l ſtoop,
And lightly hover round the mourning troop,
Whilſt I in ſilence do his Shrine *adore;*
If worſhip doth offend, I *then implore,*
And crave a favour, Madam, *'tis this one,*
Adde to his memory no pictur'd ſtone;
Leſt whilſt within the Church my vows I pay,
I to the Image of this Saint ſhould pray.

Madam, your moſt humble and faithful ſervitor:

Samuel Faireclough. *Jun.*

ELEGIES
ON
That renowned Knight
SIR
Nathaniel Barnardiſton.

AN
Acroſticke Elegie on my ever Honoured Friend Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiſton*, who faithfully in all imployments ſerved his Country, was renowned for Piety, and exemplary in Religion, dyed the 25. of *July*, 1653.

Hal *ſuch* Friends dye, and my Muſe *idle* bee?
I s't poſſible? can *ſuch* ſtupidity
R emaine in *me*, and I not *dead* with thee?

N ature don't give, but *lend* its *life* to men,
A nd at its *pleasure* cals it *back* again.
T he *image* grav'd on man, *Gods* right doth shew,
H is image 'tis; let *Cæsar* have his *due*.
A nd in this *Microcosme* we plainly see
N o lesse then part of *Gods Divinity*,
I n *smaller letters*; for the Soul's a *sparke*
E ven of his *kindling*, and (though in the dark
L odg'd in the *grave*, the *body* seems to be)
L et's *hope*, and we shal find *re-unity*.

B ody and *Soul* shal joyn by heaven's great power
A s *once* they were, *before* the parting *hour*:
R ally the *Atomes* shal, and *then* each part
N ot loosing *ought*, by *Gods* Almighty Art
A ttaine shal to its *just* and *proper* due,
R eturning to each *corps* its former *hue*;
D *escend* then shal the *Soul*, and with a kisse
I ts *ancient friend* awake to perfect *bliss*:
S o these *new married couple* joyfully
T o heaven *ascend*, and *match eternity*.
O heavenly *Musick*! endlesse *harmony*!
N one can *desire* to live, that's *fit* to dye.

So slept our former Patriots (when they
Had serv'd their country) in a bed of clay;
Flesh may incinerate, *when* Man *doth* dye,
The body in the grave may sleeping lye;
But there's a spark remaines, which shal return,
And re-inform those ashes in their urn,
VVhich when the last days morning shal draw nigh,
Shal raise its flame by heav'nly Chymistry:
So *springs* the Phœnix, from which Rise
She's ever cal'd the Bird of Paradise.

Si quis; cui bonus, & pius est? inquirit; Iesus
Respondet, verus Nomine Nathaniel.

Inquire whose good? Christ wil thee tel,
It is a true *Nathaniel.*

WILLIAM SPRING Barronet.

An Elegie containing a Dialogue between the Author and his Muse, and between Death and an Angel.

MAke hast my Muse, lay off thy brighter plume,
The sable wings of darkest Night assume,
Cover thy head with blackness, do not faile
Thy brow with mournful shadow now to vaile;
Thine eyes now cloud, which may pour down apace,
A showre of brinish tears upon thy face.

The Author to his Muse.

Fill up thy breast with sighs, and saddest grief,
With *Rachels* sorrows, that refus'd relief;
Now let a living Spring thy sorrow feed,
That may supply, with running streams, thy need:
The depth in silence pass, noyse not the same
Lest Nature hear, and do dissolve her frame;

Attire thy self in saddest mourning weed,
Put on thy tragick Buskins, haste with speed
Unto the place where griesly Death doth dwel,
Within the ground in lowest darkest cel;
Pale kercher'd sicknes lyeth at the door,
To him the Porter openeth every hour.

The house of death.

About, above, the Monuments remaine,
Of old and young whom direfull death hath slaine:
There the worlds Victor vanquished doth lye,
There *Cæsar*, *Cræsus*, and grave *Cato* by;
There *David*, *Jedidiah*, *Daniel*,
And there with these our true *Nathaniel*.

Of dolefull Ebony the Portal's made,
The roof of fatal dismal Ewe is laid,
The pillars of black polisht Marble be,
That may endure til time you ended see;
The wals intire of Adamantine rock,
The two-leav'd gates of Steel, to key and lock.

The chambers there with Coffins plancherd sure,
Corruptions fan will not let long indure;
These worn and torn, in time renew'd again,
The cost of future Funerals maintain:
The lower floor's of earth, most rooms be ful,
Loe here the dead mens bones, and there the skul.

The trophies of *triumphant Death* are there,
The rooms all hung with whited linnen are;
The corps intomb'd with juyce of Poppy smear'd,
There rest and sleep in dust, no danger fear'd,
Till that these bodies, putrifactions prey,
Be raised up to life at the *last Day*.

A description of Death.

The way is beaten to this house of *Death*,
The fatal enemie of Mortals breath.
A raw-bon'd carcase, of his *Head* the *haire*
And *flesh* is saine, and left the *skul* all bare;
His *eyes* no *eyes*, cannot be seen not see,
Worm-eaten *nose*, one *jaw*, no *teeth* hath he:

Yet

Yet heaps of men he daily doth devour,
And *hundreds* fall before him in an *hour*.
Within his cruel *breast* he hath no *heart*,
Yet full of courage, and with deadly dart
He *kils*, yet neither *arm* he hath, nor *hand*,
He hath no *feet*, yet walks o're *sea* and *land*.

Nor *arteries*, flesh, nor *sinews* (wonder)
Hath he, all his joynts they are asunder;
His bones, *here* one, and *here* another lyes,
He smites, *here* one, and *here* another dyes;
Haste thither, knock, call, know the cause, *why* thus
This leane starv'd *Helue* snatcht our joy from us.

Could sacred *Piety*, that adorn'd his mind,
The grace of heart and life, no *pity* finde?
Wilt thou thus wrong (oh death) the *Publick weale*?
And justice slay, extinguish fervent zeal!
Pull down the Temples *pillar*, quench the fire
That Heaven's *seat*, and did to Heaven *aspire*?

The Muses message and complaint to Death, lamenting the death of this worthy.

Could neither *faith* nor *faithfulness* find grace?
Nor friendly love keep off thy Serjeants Mace?
Could not *integrity* and *truth* him save
(With *Hezekiah*) from the *greedy* grave?
O Sun return, *yet* shine on Sions hil,
On *Ahaz* Dial keep the shadow *stil*.

Why fel he not upon *Elisha's* herse,
That *could* the dead *againe* to life *reverse*?
Where is *He now* that *Lazarus* did *raise*?
Where is the widow of *Sarepta's* praise,
That might in *flaming Chariot* let him *ride*
With him to *heaven*? *then* he had not dy'd.

Shal I not *once* within this *vale* of teares?
(Or ſhal I hold my peace, *not ſpeak* my feares?)
Shal I not *once again* on earth behold
That countenance *ſo grave, ſo brave, ſo bold,*
Which *with a look* could daunt the face of *ſin,*
And *make* offence to *hide* it ſelfe with in?

Shal I not ſee his preſence? *bleſſe* the wals,
Wherein did ſound his frequent *ſacred* cals,
Of wife and children, and of all the reſt,
To waite on God; who is for ever bleſt.
And beams of bleſſing from this *Sun* I expect
That *bleſt* theſe *bleſſings*, might on him *reflect*.

And as the *Rivers* to the Ocean *pay*
Their *tribute ſtreams*, that in their channel *play*;
So daily *Prayer anſwers* re-aſcend
In praiſes might to God, and *never* end:
O never end your prayers and praiſes due,
To him that gave ſuch *ſweet returns* to you.

That you ſhould *pray*, and yet ſtil *praiſe* his name,
And *walk in light* before him without blame;
So did he *walk*, and ſo attended *mine*
With all his traine: and in the Temple *ſpent*
Both *hours* and *dayes*, and of all dayes *the beſt*,
Wherein both *Chriſt* did *riſe*, and *God* did *reſt*.

The *time* though *divers*, yet the *precept's one*,
Writ and *ingrav'd* by Gods own hand in *ſtone*,
In *midſt* of that his *everlaſting* Law,
Which might *at all time* keep in dreadful awe
All hearts, and all induce, *his voyce* with feare,
And faithful care, and conſcience to *heare*.

Oh!

Oh! ſhal I *never more* obſerve that eye,
Intently *lifted up* unto the *skie*?
And hands ſtretcht out unto *the throne of grace*,
And bended knees to fall before the place,
VVhere *ſhadowing Cherub* cover'd with his wing,
The *Mercy-ſeat* of heavens *mighty King*?

From *Golden Altar* did the incenſe fly
In clouds of ſmoke, and *mounted* up on high:
God ſmelt *the ſavour*, in his heart he ſaid,
Behold, it's *done* according as thou pray'd.
And now *O death*, can *there* no prayer *melt*,
Wherein the higheſt God *ſuch ſweetneſs* ſmelt?

Releaſe thy Priſoner, *and ſet ope* thy gate,
Breake off thoſe *fetters*, *free* thy ſelfe *from hate*,
And let him *riſe* from off that *ſtrait* bed
VVhereon *thou forc'd him* to lay down his head:
Vnto the votes of *high* and *low reſtore*
Their joy, to be *enjoyed* as before.

VVhat ayleſt thou, *O Muſe*, bereft of mind?
VVhat mean *thoſe words*, theſe *empty puffes* of wind?
VVil't change *the Fates*, and burn the *ſacred roul*
Of *Gods Decrees*, and make thy ſelfe a *ſcroul*;
There to *aſſigne* each one *to death* or life,
And *heaven* and *earth* to let at *diſmal* ſtrife?

Death his anſwer to the Muſe.

Shal *brazen mountains* with a *blaſt* remove?
Or ſhal the *Sun* run *retrograde* above?
Shal *morning* ope her *purple door* i'th VVeſt?
And *Moon* and *Stars* to rule the day *be preſt*?
And *night* ſhine forth with *Phœbus* orient beams?
And at *thy will* all rivers *change* their ſtreams?

Then my *Commiſsion* I to *thee* Wil give,
The *living* ſhal not *dye*, the *dead* ſhal *live*;
And *mortals* all, *immortal* ſhal become,
And wither'd *branch*, with winter blaſt ſhal *bloome*;
And *Adam* ſhal with *Eve* to *Eden* go,
No fruit ſhal kil, no *friend* ſhal be a *foe*.

But if that *Adam* muſt no more *return*,
Why ſhould I break up *Barnardiſons* turn?
His faith? ſo *Abraham* dy'd, yet did beleeve;
But *Truth* did *Hezekiah* once reprive,
And *Lazarus* did life againe *inſpire*,
And to his body did the ſoul *retire*:

But *know'ſt* thou not how *theſe* of death did taſte?
And *back again* unto *my Palace* haſte?
Nor *Abrams* faith, nor *Iſaacks*, *Jacobs* feare
Could *ſheild* them from *deaths* deadly piercing *ſpeare*;
So *Joſeph*, *Joſhua*, and *Joſiah* all,
By ſooner, later *ſtroakes* of death *did fall*.

And *Job* was patient under death's ſad blow,
And mighty *Sampſon* unto death did bow;
And *David* with his *Worthies* all did yeeld
To death, againſt his ſtroke *they found* no ſhield;
And *John*, *Chriſts beſome friend*, did hither hye,
And *Chriſt himſelfe*, the Son of God, *did dye*.

Eliah left his *Mantle* him behind,
They ſought him, *but* in no place could *him find*,
His change like death; and *Enoch* he is not,
Nor *Rachels* children, Death became their lot.
And thou (O Muſe) ſhal be as *one of theſe*,
When *Atropos* thy thread to cut *ſhal pleaſe*.

O cruel Death! can nothing then aſſwage
Thy ſavage *fury*, and thy direful *rage*?
Muſt all (*O Charon*) thee thy ferriage pay?
And all take Boat, and all have *over-lay*?
Then come, and to our *Lazarus* let us go,
And as he dy'd, *with him*, let us do ſo.

The Muſes reply to death.

As *Joſeph* went unto old *Jacobs* grave,
So ſhal this Saint, of us attendance have.
What mean'ſt (*O Muſe*) and *whither* doſt thou wend?
When of thy *paſſion* wilt thou make an end?
Wilt thou preſume on *Sion Hilles* to ſtand,
And *Heavens ſcepter* ſway in *thy* right hand?

The Angels meſſage to the Muſe.

The Lord by *power* and *providence* divine,
Did all unto their *place* and *end* aſſigne:
The *Earth* to *Plants*, in *Sea* the *Fiſhes* ſwim,
The *Birds* in th' *air* do *weave their* feathers trim;
Shal not the *fixed Stars* in *heaven* ſhine?
What *God* doth own, wilt thou *detain* as thine?

And *why* among the dead doſt *thou* enquire
For theſe that live? lift up thy eye, *look higher*,
There is a place beyond that mount *moſt bright*,
Whence *Pharbus* chariot ſhines with *flaming light*;
The *ſtately City*, new *Jeruſalem*,
Wherein doth dwel *Jehovah*, God of *Shem*.

A deſcription of Heaven.

Her *glory* doth as *Jaſper ſtone* appear,
Her *light* like to tran*ſparent Chryſtal* clear;
Her *battlements* are high, her ſtreets are *gold*,
Her *gates twelve* glittering *Pearls*, their price untold,
Twelve holy Angels at the gate *attend*,
Whereon *twelve* names of *Iſraels tribes* are pend;

The gates, all *nightless day*, stand open wide,
That *Saints* in golden charriots in may ride.
Three where the *Sun* doth shed his *orient* beam,
Three ope where he doth *lose* his fiery team,
Three from the *North* receive *Christs* holy train,
Three from the *South* that *Saints* do entertain.

The *twelve* foundations, each a precious stone,
The *Jasper*, *Saphir*, and the *Chalcedon*,
The *Sardonix* of colour red and white,
The *Sardius* next, and golden *Chrysolite*,
The sea-green *Beril*, and the *Topaz* rare,
Chrysoprasus as gold with green most faire;

The *Jacynth* then, and next to that is set
The *Amethyst* like purple violet.
In those the names of *Christs Apostles* are,
That through the world the *Gospel* spread so farre.
On those an *hundred fourty cubits* height
And four, the wal so broad, of *Jasper* bright.

Four square the City, and the *measure* ground
With *golden reed*, *thousand furlongs found*;
The Angel so the *length* and *breadth* did take,
The *height* the same, no Canon great can shake
The wall, that doth *this* *City* compasse in,
VVhere *none* can enter, nor abide *with sin*.

The Saints glory and happiness, and this Saint among them.

No need of Temple, *Sun*, or *Moon* there is,
VVhere dwels that *Trine* in *one*, in endless bliss,
The *Lamb* his everlasting *light* doth give
Unto it, there the *Saints* in glory live;
Upon their heads, they *Crowns* of glory wear,
Their *faces* like the radiant *Sun* appear.

They

They cloathed are in Linnen *fine* and *pure*,
No Fuller ever made the like, 'tis sure;
And *Palms* of *victory* in their hands they have,
Triumphant Trophies, on the wal most brave
Do hang the *Monuments* of *long ner'd Hel*,
VVith all the *Fiends* and *Furies*, there that dwel;

Their *Crowns* and *Palms* before the *Lamb* they cast,
By whom the *danger* of the *war* they past;
They all bedight with *glory*, round about
The Lambe *doe follow*, going in and out,
Unto the *tree* of lasting *life* they haste,
In midst of *Eden*, and the fruit they taste.

Thence to the *Wel* of *Life* they take their way,
VVhence *living streams* do never cease to play,
VVith *Mannah* eke, and sweetest *Nectar* fed,
They, by the *Lamb*, into the *Palace* led;
The Song of *Moses* and the *Lamb* doe sing,
VVith sweetest *harmony* to heavens *King*.

In close hereof came *Barnardiston* in,
VVho late *the field* from vertues foe did *win*:
A troop of *Angels* blest had been his guard,
Into the *Palace*, to *a place prepar'd*:

VVherein the *Emerauld* of virid hue,
For beauties honour strives with *Saphir* blew:
And *Topaz* seeks to have away the fame
From *Carbuncle*, that shines with fiery flame.

There he *arrayed* in the *robes* of *glory*,
Had to the *presence Chamber*, tels the story,
How he in fight with *Sin* and *Death* had stood,

And overcame them by the *Lamb*, *Christ's blood*:
The *Lamb* my *Captain* was, I won the field,
Lo there *his Word* my *Sword*, his *faith* my *shield*.

The *Angels* then did all their *Trumpets* blow,
The *Virgins* blessed *welcome* there to show;
The Lord commands a *crown* of *golden* Bayes,
Upon his *head* are set the *Victors* praise.
The Saints afresh *renew* their happy joy,
Them neither *sin* nor *sorrow* doth annoy.

Moses and *Aaron*, sang the same that was
By *Israel* sung, when they the *Sea* did passe;
And *Miriam* did on *sounding* Timbrel play,
And *David* tuned to his *Harp* a Lay:
The rest took hands, and danc'd a *sacred* round,
The vaults of *glory* echoing did sound.

There did I leave him, *there* in blisse he lives,
With him, to *Saints* that *grace* and *glory* gives.
Go *haste*, and *tell* all those that did him *love*,
How he sits on a *golden Throne* above;
On *earth* he in his hand a *sword* did bear,
His hand in *heaven* doth a *scepter* rear:

There shal he always *live*, and never *dye*,
And *there* shal waite on *highest* Majesty;
And waite to see his *wife* and *Children* dear
Increase his joy, in this his *glories* sphear.
The Lord we pray, *there* grant to *them* a place,
With *their* allyes, and to their *budding* race.

In eundem carmen funebre, comprehenſum
In Dialogo inter Muſam & Vitam.

Tene quid abripiet nobis? (mors improba!) mortem M.
Tuq; premes, vitam tu perimeſq; necem.
Vita fugis mortem? meditaris morte fugamne?
Vivas, ut mortem morte fugare queas.

Dum vixi, vitam vivebam, ut perdere poſſem:
Dum morior mihimet, reddita vita mihi. V.

Chriſtopher Barrell. *Rec.*
Wratten Mag.

An Elegie upon the death of that truly noble Gentleman, famous for Piety and Religion, the right Worſhipfull Sir Nathaniel Barnardiſton,

Aug. 25. 1653.

THou ſtately *Top-bough* of a noble *Stem*,
One of Gods *Jewels*, and thy Country's *Gem*,
That help'd to *bleſs* the *Land* wherein thou waſt
Lately a *Saint*: but now thoſe joyes are paſt;
And *we* in ſorrows *left*, with hearts moſt ſad,
To think we'ave loſt *that bliſſe* we lately had
In *thee* (Great Sir!) alas, we're now without
A thouſand comforts, that from thee dealt out
But lately were, to us, and to all men,
VVith whom thou had'ſt to do; *how* ſhal my Pen
Be *able* to ſet out to th' *world* that *worth*,
That was in *thee*? or who can warble forth
Thy praiſes due? or to the *life*, let's ſee,

What by thy death we 'ave loſt, in loſing thee?
What rareſt *Orators*, or *Poet* can
Set forth the *uſe*, or *loſſe* of ſuch a man?
Thou bleſſed Soul; the *Model of perfection*,
Guileleſſe Nathaniel, *witneſſe of affection*:
Belov'd of God and Men; why didſt thou dye,
And leave thy friends nought but an *Elegie*?
Could'ſt thou but *hear* our plaints, but *hear* our groans,
But *ſee* our mournful teares, and *know* what moans
Are *utter'd* here; *figh'd*, *ſhed*, and *made* for thee,
Th' ould'ſt *pity's* all, if thy *felicity*
Could give thee leave, but in that place thou art,
Where ſorrow's ſhadow *cannot* reach thy heart;
VVhere thou haſt good of all ſorts, plenteous ſtore,
And joy as Gods right hand for evermore.
There reſt (*bleſt Saint*) thy ſoul in heavens high ſtory,
Until the *laſt* thy *aſh left* ſhall *riſe* to *glory*.
But ſhall I thus have done? how can it be?
To leave already ſuch a Saint as *he*;
To ſay no more of ſuch a Son of Grace
Then hath been ſaid of *him*, *were to diſpraiſe*
Him; *ſo* ſhall *I*, when I have *ſpent* my ſtore,
VVhat I *can* ſay, will be *too ſhort*, *too poore*:
Could I but chant out now, *ſuch notes* as he
Doth in *Heavens* Quire before the *bleſſed three*,
I'de tel his *praiſes*, I'de declare his *fame*
To after Ages, I'de make known his *name*;
An *uncorrupted Patron* that did hate
Out of the Churches means, t' augment his ſtate
He look'd upon it *as abhorred thrift*,
To gaine t' himſelfe a *farthing* by the gift
Of any Benefice, though he had *thoſe*,
VVhich if that others had ſuch to diſpoſe,
They would have *worm'd* and *ferr'd* out two or three

Hundreds

Hundreds of pounds, and *yet have said how free*
Have I been to *my Clerk*? I did present
Him to some hundred pounds: but yet *in Cent'*
Gat *fifty* to himselfe; God never mean
It should be so, which thing this Saint knew wel,
And *loath'd* such *baseness* as he loathed hel.
He was a *Benefactor* to our Tribe,
VVe *freely* had his boones, he *scorn'd* our bribe.
If he were now, *whence* once he was *ejected*,
(To heare *Petitions* from the ill-affected,
Begging of men in power to haste, and ply
The *begg'ring* of the godly Ministry,
By stripping them of *means*, and *maintenance*,
And 'th other honour due; *good countenance*,
That God allows them, and hath given command,
That no man *openly*, or *under-hand*
Should rob them of it, or with hold their due)
He would have *hated* to have prov'd *untrue*
To truth, or them, loathing *ill-gotten* pelfe,
And would have *kept them up*, or *fain* himself.
And not by seeking their shave ruin'd those,
Gods *faithful* servants, which *himself* hath *chose*,
Gifted, and sent *dispencers* of his minde
To them that sat i'th *dark*, with eyes-ful blind;
And God hath bless'd their *pains*, maugre hel's *spight*,
And brought them out of darkness *into light*;
Yea to their *calling* God hath set his *seal*,
Their people their *Epistle* are, and weale
Of many *Souls*, through grace, effected by
Their *faithful Labours* in their *Ministry*.
I trust our *Worthies* now in *power* wil stand
Strong for the *Truth*, and *Gospel* in the Land;
Preach'd and *profess'd*, and maugre all our scorners,
Preserve us, that we fly not into corners;

VVhere

VVhere *pining ſouls* their *Teachers* cannot ſee,
So ſtarve and dye through *Romiſh* policy.
Thoſe that have gotten any *Goſpel* good
From Preachers lips, muſt love them, *though none ſtood*
For them, and their *incouragement*, but they
Wil chuſe to dye before they'l e're give way
To throw them down, and *Heathenize* the Nation,
Knowing 'twil prove *Religions extirpation*.
They'l lend no eare in this corrupted time,
To them wh'ould make the *Word* a cover-crime.
But whither runs my pen? my Muſe *return*,
And fall again to *mourning* o're the *urn*
Of this *deſceaſed* Saint, whoſe *loſſe* is ſuch,
Thouſands we might have loſt, yet not ſo much
As we have loſt in thee, *bleſt ſoul*, on ground
Say, where is ſuch another to be found?
Where's ſuch an *Husbande? Father? Friend?* or *Brother?*
A word of comfort; ſay, where's ſuch another
Patron? a Saint ſo good? juſt? meek? ſo kinde?
So ſelf-denying? ſuch an heavenly minde?
His husbanding his time, ſo godly ſpent,
Told me h' was bound *for heav'n* before *he went*.
Since he's *commenc'd* above, and got *his grace*,
VVe cannot leave him in a better place.
Yet one word more give leave for, e're I 'ave done,
Much honour'd Lady, you his *eldeſt Sonne*;
Yee children all, who put to't, would much rather,
Have choſe the loſſe of all, then of your *Father*.
Let *ſorrows* ſurges ſink, let *comfort* come,
And joy your ſad and heavie hearts, *make roome*.
For *gladneſs*, know ye 'ave mourn'd your ſhares,
Your deare is gone to *glory*, ſtay your tears.
Yee ſee what God hath done, and who may have
Like liberty to *take*, as he that *gave*?

Sub-

Submit to God, *bear* Chriſtianly this *Croſſe*,
He can reſtore you manifold your loſſe.
Madam, *take comfort*, and truſt God to be
A better *Husband* to you farre, then *He*,
And to *your vertuous Daughters*, *widows left*,
Both, *like your ſelfe*, of Husbands late bereft;
Not only *Husband*, but of *Father* too,
To *you* and *yours*, thus doth the Promiſe *go*.
Worthy Sir *Thomas*, now, great God expects
In *you* ſuch *graces*, from *you* ſuch *effects*,
As *in*, and *from* your *bleſſed* Father *were*,
Take care, herein you *truly* prove his *heir*;
My prayers for yee all ſhal be *this* rather,
God make ye *better*, then your *Gracious Father*.

Loquitur poſt funera virtus.

Ro. Cooke.

An Elegie on that eminently religious Knight,
Sir Nathaniel Barnardiſton.

STay (Reader) ſtay, *ſtand*, but a *while*, and *ſee*
The *diſmal* face of this *ſad obſequie*
Where *all are Mourners*, where you'd think you ſpy
A *Son* or *Daughters* tear in every *eye*.
Hark, *Reader*, haſt thou ever ſeen what *Grace*,
What *Majeſty* was *ſeated* in his *face*?
Then *bow* before his *ſhrouded head*, and know
What *honour's due*, where age white hairs did *ſnow*;
Where *vertue*, where a *noble minde* did dwel,
Which nothing can (*beſide its ſelf*) excel.

Democritus himselfe, should he but know
What caus'd these *tides* of tears to *over-flow*,
The *watrish humour* in his eye (I feare)
Would melt the *Chrystaline* into a teare.
Reader, first pay a *tear*, and then passe on,
'Tis no *dry* subject we are now upon:
But hold, God too will have *his* harvest free
From *rainy showres* of tears, as well as *we*:
This *full-ear'd wheat* of his, first *bow'd* its head,
So gather'd was to's *Garner* with the *dead*.

Apostrophe ad defunctum:

Blest Shade, *your pardon*, that thus late my verse,
In *black* and *white* attends your *sacred* herse;
My *Muse* was fondly loath, I must *confesse*,
To mixe with *fables* in an *English* dresse;
Thought that too *homely*, *mason*; did desire
A *persick*, *Syriak*, *Arabick* attire,
Or any more exotick, *Persian* look
A *Cæsars* favour in no lesse then Greek:
Pardon her *soft-pac'd measures*, her delayes,
She in sad broken Accents *sighing* sayes:
Should *sundry* Tongues, each with a diverse tone
Lament our loss, all must content in one.

Write on the weeping Marble, here doth lye,
Mecænas, *and the Muses Deity.*

Sic flevit,

Gulielm. Stephenson.

Sir

Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, *his Hallelujah*,

THrice holy *Lord*, at thy *right hand* I see
The *Incense pillars* up ascending be *Saint.*
From thy most *precious blood*, on *which* doth lye
The *Roofe*, and hang the *Pavement* of this high
And *glorious Court*, by them brought up I stand
Before thy *face*, expecting thy *command*.

Drop of my selfe, eternally my *Dear*,
(Distance away) draw to this bosome *near* ; *Almighty.*
Lo here, thy *elder Brother*, did'st not long
To see thy *Jesus* ? seest thou not the *throng*
Of *crowned Saints* about thee, that *rejoyce*
To joyn thee to their *Chore*, who with their *voyce*,
My *everlasting* praise do sing ? this *sphear*
Of *Ravishment*, that doth thee circle here,
The native heat is of thy *Fathers brest*,
From *whence* when first thou *sparkled'st* I thee *blest*,
VVith my unknown *delight*, and love, to *me*,
Thou art not *strange*, but from *eternity*
Thou always *present* wert, behold thy *name*
Deeply in-laid upon the *Covenant frame*
Of my *Free Grace*, that Archive *Archy-type*,
And *Index* of this *Court*, the first grand Pipe,
Conveighing down my *love* unto my *Son*,
Through him, and all his *Gospel veins*, to run
Into th' *elect*, those *Gulphs* of *love* ; find'st not
My half beleeved *Gospel* true ? thy Lot,
Does it not fill thy heart, *fulfill* my Oath ?
Doe I *delude* the sons of men, when *loath*

To *mind* or *love* me, I them *woo*, and *pray*
To daine *acceptance* of me, that they may
Be *wel*, and *pleased* here? doe I *deserve*
That *slight* and *scorn*, that *dust* and *ashes* serve
Me daily with? the Leprous *scales* of sin,
Have they more *weight* of joy then what's within
The *spangles* of thy *Crown*? which of the two,
The lower *wilderness* of thorns and woe,
Or this eternal *gallery* of love
VVould'st chuse thy *walk*? these prospects here above,
And not *Lusts* snakie Groves *true* pleasure yeelds:
Earths *sence-inspiring* glances in *May-fields*
Cause but an *ulcerous itch*; those leaps of *sprite*
Men *think* they feel in *earthly loves* delight,
Are *here* indeed the souls *eternal dance*,
Rais'd by the *dartings* of my countenance;
Look and be *ravish'd*, spring, and sing my *Dove*,
Tuning thy measures to my *eye* of *love*.

Saint. How *low*'s this Chore? how *Faint's* this eccho here?
Is this th' *Almighties* praise that now I heare?
Can the *thousand thousands* raise no higher?
Jehovah, thy acceptance I *admire*:
Is all the powers of *Saints* and *Angels* joyn'd
Beneath thy *love*, and *glory* thus confin'd?
(O *love* thy selfe, my *God*) were *this* a place,
Tears should *reflect* thy *beams* upon my face:
Canst thou not make a *Temple* higher roof'd,
wherein on *louder* Organs may be *prov'd*
The Art of *treble-voiced* Seraphims,
Joyn'd with *deep Accent* of wing'd Cherubims?
But neither *I*, nor *these*, alas can raise
Ought else but *love*; Lord *reckon* that thy *praise*.
And I am *glad* th'art *great* beyond our *songs*,

Because

Becauſe we feel thee *good*, beyond our *Tongues*,
And *ſince* thou ſmil'ſt to hear thy *Nurſ'ry* ſing,
In *broken* Notes, their *Fathers* name, I'll bring
My *Jews-Trump* to thy ſet: *Chore* let us joyn:

All *might* and *power*, tranſcendant *Lord*, is thine, *Saint* and
Above thy *Creatures* thoughts, thy *glory* is: *Chore.*
Their *utmoſt* ſtretch, can give to *thee* no bliſs,
Yet 'tis their *joy*, and everlaſting *gain*,
That they to ſing thy praiſe, their *ſpirits* ſtrain.
Thou canſt have but their *all*, their *all* they ſpend
Upon thy *Throne*, yet neither waſte or end.
O *bleſt* be *thou*, thou *ſelf-aſiſen* Sun
Of *Light* and *Love*; from whence hath ever run
Beams both of *Life* and *good*, thickning to *Globes*
And *Worlds*: This Heaven of *Saints* is but the *Robes*
Of *Rayes* about thee; thou *Eternal Spring*
(In which th'riſing *ſtreams*, moſt ſweetly *ſing*)
Of *Life* and *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Good* and *Right*;
From *whence* we flow, and *whither* thou invite
Thy *Channels* to return; there are we *well*,
And not to be in *thee*, is *loweſt Hell*.
All might of *love* be to thy Spirit given,
Who *leaſt* we ſhould by *Helliſh winds* be driven
Into the *gulf* of woe, didſt with us *mix*,
And *ran along* our *wavering* courſe, to *fix*
On thee *Life's Ocean*. Fruits of that love
Now in our Center we do *taſte* and prove.
Our life is *thine*, O lovely *God* and *Man*,
The *wonder* of thy *death*, who of us can
Half *comprehend*, much leſs *repay*. But ſee
The goodly *Off-ſpring* of thy *Blood*, and be
Self-ſatisfi'd, while we behold thy *Face*
Fill'd with *delight*, rejoyce *thou* in the *Grace*

Thy Blood hath *sprinkled* round about thy *Throne*,
Hallelujah, *Hallelujah*, Three in One.

His Character.

Most perfect *Image* of the *God* above,
Without was *Majesty*, *within* was *love*:
One drawn with *sweetness* by an *Infants* hand,
Ne'r *driv'n* by *violence*, or *Base* command:
Religion's Patron, *Crown* of *Piety*
Upon his Houses *Ancient Chevalry*.
To *Lawful Senates*, was his *Countrys* choice,
The *last dissolv'd*, above he gives his voice.
To a *wise* and *beauteous Lady* joyn'd,
Into a gen'rous *Off-spring* both are twin'd.
He went not hence, till he might *clearly* see
Himself in's Heir, should much *exalted* be.

His Votaries Prayer.

O let no *Curse*, no *Sin*, no *Fate*, no *War*,
His long-lin'd house, e'er *blot*, *defame*, or *scar*.
But let its *numerous seed*, still run along,
Till it receive *Christ's* coming, with a Song.
The Gentries *Vertues*, *Glories* let it wear;
But all its Vices, let it *scorn* to bear.
His House a *School of worth*, let ages see;
And Lord, a *Church* of *Graces*, let it be.

Richard Fairclough
Rector of *Melh* in *Somersetshire*.

To

To the Memory of that Highly Noble, and Religious Knight
Sir NATH. BARNARDISTON.

PArdon *great Sir*, though others to your Tomb,
Bring *Volumes* of your praiſe, and I be dumb.
A Verſe or two is all I can; not want
Of ſorrow, but the *greatneſs* makes me ſcant.
I *cannot* write, *Tears* make my *Paper ſink*;
My *Pen* weeps too, its *proper* tears of *Ink*.
Theſe, whilſt I ſtrive to *Checker* my white ſheet,
Correct my *Error*, and tell me 'tis meet
That all be *black*, that every *part* ſhould mourn,
And ſo my *ſheet* into a *pall* they turn.
How can I make a Verſe, who want my *Feet*?
Rooted I ſtand, amazed at the great,
And ſtrangeneſs of our *loſs*, ſad *Niobs* fate
Transform'd to ſtone, is *mine*, *incorporate*
I to a *quarry* am; Then take from me
His *Monument*, his *Grave-ſtone* I will be;
And ſo for ever, I upon my Breſt
Shal wear this *Epitaph*, and weep the reſt.

Epitaph.

Here lies thoſe Sacred Aſhes, once the ſeat
Of Heav'n-born fires, and Loves divineſt heat;
No Basket-Juſtice, or Brib'd Committee,
No purged Senator, but all Purity.
In's Comfort happy, both in Off-ſpring Crown'd:
Birth made him noble, Piety renown'd.

Anagram.

Anagram.

Nathaniell Barnardiston.

Born in an All-ſainted Hart.

How well All Saints, give honor to his Urn,
Whoſe Faith was in *An Hart All-ſainted Born.*

The World's unworthy of him, whoſe beſt part,
Liv'd, and was *Born in an All-Sainted Hart.*

Nathaniell Fairclough
Rector of *Stalbridge* in *Dorcetſhire.*

PARENTALE, or an ELEGIE

on the Highly Honorable and Right Worſhipful Sir *Nath. Barnardiſton*, Kt.

BY *Euphrat's* Flood, when Captive *Iſrael* ſate,
Increaſing it; their Harps *inanimate*
Hung *ſpeechleſs* by: All *ſorrows* want their *Tongues*,
Theſe *Organs* ſpeak not, *fill'd* from *ſighing Lungs.*
Great *anger* makes a *Poet*; but the ſenſe
Of greateſt *grief*, ſtops flowing eloquence:
Who groans in *tune*, hath learn't the *Hebrew* art
To *weep* with th'*eye*; but *bleed* not at the *heart.*
My *Theam's* too great, that *Pegaſus* ſhould wear
Such *ſtraitning Fetters*; he can't mount the air,
Or *ſoar aloft*, whil'ſt *pinion'd* is his Wing.
England lies here; your *boundleſs tears* then bring,

And

And *Mote* it round; let every *weeping eye*
Now pay its *River*, till the Springs be dry;
Then offer *them*: *Galatian* tribute here
Is due, he payes an *eye*, that hath no *tear*.
The *Academy*, *Country*, *Church*, at once,
Have loſt their cheifeſt *Patron*, and thus groans.
Erſt while I ſaw a Spring ('twas *Hippocrene*)
Brim'd round about with *Sable Jet*, within
The *waters* ſwell'd; and paſt their *common bounds*:
Strait I drew near, t'obſerve, and ſearch the *grounds*
Of this *late Floud*; and ſilently I ſpy'd
The *Orphan Muſes* by; all ſadly cry'd:
And as they *wept*, the *dewy tears* that fell,
Slid to that *watry lodge*, which made it ſwell;
Their *Patrons death* (*Apollo*) caus'd this *woe*,
Which *falling beads* now tell; a wrinkled *O*
From *every* fall, their *griefs* in water *wrote*,
And ſpake the *ſadneſs* of their *ſighing note*.
The *common people* next, diſmaid with *fears*,
Dewing their *Boſoms*; thus fills all our *ears*.
Swift *Time* (*Heavens Purſevant*) ſtraitly *ſummons*
To th' *Lords Houſe*, this *Member* of the *Commons*;
Thrice choſen *Senator*, let *Ipſwich* fame
How oft her ſtreets have eccho'd with his *Name*;
But cruel dint of *death's* ſeverer Dart
Suffolks great Soul, from *Suffolk* now doth part.
Nor *mourns* the State alone; the *Churches* chime;
Religion ſighs; her trickling *tears* keeps time
Whil'ſt *ſobbing* thus, ſhe ſings, Here lies the *Knight*,
Lifeleſs, that did maintain the *Goſpels Light*.
Let *Ketton* boaſt; how from her ſacred *Hill*,
Her Sun with *brighteſt Rayes*, the World doth fill;
Here *fix'd* by him: O joyful, Heavenly meet
Of *thouſands*, Sainted by *his* means; that greet

His crowned head, whose *Crown* they are, then haste
We too, to add more *gems*, and *be so plac'd.*

SA. FAIRECLOVGH.
Fel. of Gon. and Caius Coll.

An Elegie on that ever honoured Knight, Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiston.*

NOt for to *scrape acquaintance* with the great,
Much lesse, like some, to get *a good meals meat*;
Not that my *Stranger Muse* strives to be *known*,
As if she thought th' were else *as good* be none:
A *mourning Ribband*, or a *paire of Gloves*,
Can nothing tempt her from that *rest* she loves?
My Muse is no such *hackney*, none of these
Can *draw* her from her *now accustom'd* ease;
Nor doth she now (as earst) *catch* after *wit*,
And *hap'ly* sometimes had the *praise* of it.
In part, *she minds her selfe*, now cal'd away,
From *lighter* studies, to a *graver* way;
In part, she thinks 'mongst *Country Clowns* to rise
In *straines* of *wit*, were but to *solœcise*.
Partly *her wil's in-fault*, and may be too,
Though she were ne're so willing, *'twould not doe*.
Chiefly, my Muse puts on *so grave* a dresse,
Because th' *occasion* cals for *seriousnesse*.
And now she speaks, she doth not *meane* to raise
A *Trophie* to his *name* from's *father's* praise:
Though here (*if Ancestry must have a place*)
She knows no *ancienter*, no *nobler* race.
Those who have *nought* to brag of, *but* the glory
Of their *fore-fathers*, blot their *fathers story*.

I'de

I'de put the *Ape*, and ſuch men both together,
That could be proud of borrow'd *Peacocks feather.*
But here *no ſluggiſhneſſe* did make a ſeat
Of *Grandſires glory*, there to ſit compleat;
But he made what he found *left by* his Sire
But as his *foot-ſtool*, that ſhould raiſe him *higher.*
And as the *circled glaſſe* contracts the flames,
That *noon-tide Sun* did ſcatter with his beams,
And makes them like *meridian lines*, at laſt
To *meet* in *one* point, as from *one* they *paſt*:
So here thoſe nobler flames *that* were compreſt,
Some here in one, *ſome* in anothers breſt,
Of all thoſe famous *Barn'ſtons*, once alive
Met here, in this *conjunction cop'lative.*
So that to raiſe a *Trophie* to his fame,
From thoſe ſame *vertues* that have run ith' *name*,
And *hence* to fetch one ſtone, and *thence* another,
To catch at *this* in that man, *that* in t'other;
This were to *goe about*, as he ſhould ſtray
From hence to *London*, ſhould take *York* in's way.
VVe'l make a *ſhorter cut* of it by farre,
VVhile he *alone* both *compaſſe* is, and *ſtar*;
And though our *Logick-mongers* teach for truth,
That *accidents* muſt never dare (*forſooth*)
To change their *ſoyl* (but like ſome *ſtarv'd Aſſe*,
Inclos'd in wals, muſt alwayes feed on graſſe;
Or as we read it was with *Shimei*)
But ſtir from *ſubjects* once, they *needs muſt dye.*
Yet here we finde thoſe *vertues all doe dwel*,
In which each Sire of *his* did moſt *excel*;
And having *left* their former ſoyl, yet *more*
Did *thrive* in him, then e're they did before.
So *wel*, (though *Logick* ſcoffe) without correction,
Divinity maintaines her reſurrection,

In ſhort, his *Father* gave him *life* and *breath*,
But he (*O Miracle*) even after *Death*,
Revives his *Fathers Fathers*, makes them be
(Being *long ſince* dead) freſh in our *memory*.
Yea, he *ſurvives himſelf*, and cannot die,
Until the *ending* of eternity.
But minde thy ſelf, my *Muſe*, remember how
Thy *calling* makes *all* other things to *low*
To one, (*Religion*) leave all other then,
And make this *one*, the *ſubject* of thy Pen.
Nor need'ſt thou here put on *Creative power*,
As *Poets* ſometimes do; who in one hour
Create him *Saint*, being dead, who all men know
A *walking devil* was, when here below:
None need to ſtretch his *conſcience*, here to tell
Officious lies for one, that *burns* in hell,
To draw belief to't, by his forged ſtory,
That, that damn'd *caitiff*, is a Saint in glory;
And thereby make even *Boyes* and *Girls* to point,
And ſay, *The Preachers conſcience's out of joynt*.
No, ſpeak he moſt that can; there is no fear
It ſhould *offend* the *tend'reſt conſcienc'd* ear.
No *new truths* can be preach'd, but what are known,
No better by the *Preacher*, then the *Town*.
All men that knew him, by *his life* might know,
He was not onely *great*, but *godly* too:
Nor was his *ſainteſhip* of that *new Edition*,
Which *Sequeſtrations* make, or a *Commiſſion*:
Gain brought him not to *Piety*. To riſe
From *ſin* to *grace*, he ne'er learn'd by th' *Exciſe*.
Nor did he (*Proteus* like) to all mens view,
Change his *religions face*, ſtill for a *new*,
As th' *old* grew out of credit; he ne'er made
Religions change to be his *gainful* trade.

'Twas

'Twas *Conſcience* made him *Plow*, no *deſign*
To rob *thee* (*gaſping Church*) of what was *thine*.
He deem'd that which the *new Saints* of our Age,
Count a main peece of *Piety*, *Sacriledge*.
But peace my *Muſe*; thou'dſt *fame* to th'later times,
And cloath this *Heroes actions* in thy rhimes;
Thou long'ſt to bring *particulars* on the ſtage,
And would'ſt; but that the *growing Peers* o'th' age
Being ſet o'th' *counter part*, would ſurely raiſe
Thine *Elegiake* ſtrains, to *Satyr* layes,
And make them ſpeak *ſo loud*, that without doubt,
They'd doom thee to't, to have thy *tongue* cut out.
I think it therefore, far the *ſafer way*,
Thou *prate* no more, but that thou rather *pray*,
Many ſuch *Barnardiſtons* God would ſend,
Th'unhappineſs of *Church* and *State* to 'mend.

Samuel Reyner,
Thirloe Mag.

An Elegy at the Funeral of that truly Honorable, and moſt Religious Knight, the Right Worſhipful *Sir* NATH. BARNARDISTON.

WHat *Marble* now is dry? then ſhall not we
Our *tears* pour forth, at this *ſolemnity*?
In ancient time the men of *Carthage* Town,
Upon *Maſiſſius* death, their *Towers* brake down;
Their *Walls* they hung with *blacks*, and *Towers* torn,
That ſo not onely men, but *ſtones* might mourn.

The *Rock* it ſelf, when *Moſes* ſmote did ſpring;
Streams *Cryſtalline* the fiery Flint did bring.
Much more ſhould we, *now God himſelf doth ſmite*,
Send forth our *ſtreaming tears*; for theſe of right
Are due; if we deny this tribute, then
The ſtones that now ſhed *tears*, will ſhame us men.

When *Pompey* by *Septimius* was ſlain,
The valiant *Julius Cæſar* did diſdain
To view his head; when to him it was ſent,
His Kingly heart, with pity did relent;
His Cheeks *bedew'd with tears*, his clemency
Did manifeſt ev'n to his enemy.

If *Julius Cæſar* wept thus for a ſo,
Then for a *friend*, much more ſhould we do ſo.
For ſuch a *friend*, whom all men may of right,
Moſt truly term, *The High Gods favorite*.
His *deareſt darling*, and all *mens delight*.
Who whil'ſt he liv'd with us, *out-ſhin'd* in *grace*
The reſt of men, *now ſees God face to face*:
When that the Emp'ror *Titus* did depart:
What *cloudy looks*, *moyſt cheeks*, and *heavy heart*,
Might be beheld all o'r the *Roman* State,
Each ſingle man *bemoaning* his ſad fate:
And thus concerning him, they did complain,
Titus is gone, t'our loſs, though to his gain.
The ſame may we take up; *Gods darling's gone*.
'Tis for his good, though our affliction.
Well *mourn* we may, as in ſome ſilent *grove*,
Whil'ſt he in *heavenly joyes*, triumphs above.

Nathaniel he was, Gods gift to us;
A Gem, a precious Pearl eſteem'd, and thus

The

The greater was our joy; but now deceas'd,
The more our grief, and ſorrows are increas'd.
It ſeems God *gives* and *takes*, who can gainſay?
God ſaith, *Give me my gem*, who ſhall ſay nay?
Who ſhall *reſiſt* his will? *Lord* take thine *own*,
But give us leave, our *loſs* for to bemoan.

A *cuſtom* 'twas of old, that men *renown'd*,
Not onely *living*, but when *dead*, were *crown'd*.
Marcellus once this honor did receive,
The ſame the Emperor *Auguſtus* gave
To *Alexander's* Tomb: *Demetrius*
His *Urn* (when he was dead) was *crowned* thus.

Not any man more *worthy* of this *Bay*,
Then he for whom we *celebrate* this day.
A *King* he liv'd, moſt *worthy* to be crown'd,
In whom ſo many *graces* did abound.
A *King* he di'd, *Deaths* Victor now ſits down
In Heaven reſplendent, with a *glorious crown*,
When Death uncas'd his Soul, it to Heaven tended,
And by his *declination* he aſcended.

How now *grim Death*, whence cometh thus thy rage?
What, could'ſt finde none but th' *Phœnix* of our age,
To exerciſe thy cruelty upon?
No twinkling *Star*, none ſerve thee but the *Sun*,
Thus to *eclipſe*? How do'ſt thou think ſhall we
Deport our ſelves, when we no *Sun* can ſee?
Whence this thy hate to break our *Rule* and *Line*,
To take our *Pattern* from's that was *Divine*?
Hadſt thou no *white*, but innocencies heart,
Whereat to level this thy *forked dart*?
O 'tis not *he*, but *we* that feel the ſmart.

Lo here a *Spectacle* we ſee,
To teach us all, *what we muſt be.*
Wouldſt know thy *mettal?* then look on
The Mould and Earth, thou tread'ſt upon.
Look here *proud man*, behold thy *Mother*,
For at the *firſt*, thou hadſt no other:
She brought thee forth, thou art her *ſon*,
Fleſh of her fleſh, bone of her bone.

Thou muſt repay again, what ſhe hath *lent* thee,
Thy *fleſh* thy *bone*, and what e'r elſe *ſhe* ſent thee.

Tho. Marriot. M. A.

On the Death of that Noble Patriot of his Country Sir *Nath. Barnardiſton.*

I Heard that many *Poets* went of late
In a full throng to knock at *Heavens* gate,
Humbly beſeeching *Jove* of his quick brain,
(From whence *Minerva*, without *Mothers* pain,
Or *Midwifes* help, a witty *Dame* did flow)
Some few ſmall *Particles* on them beſtow;
And highly their *immortal ſouls* inſpire,
With a *divine* and *active* nimble fire;
That they might fancies, quick, and high conceive,
And might even *Virgil* of his *Bayes* bereave.
'Twas granted; then in haſte to *Helicon*,
With fury rapt beyond themſelves they run,
And for their guide, among the *nine* they *chuſe*,
A ſullen, melancholly, penſive *Muſe*,

To

To ſhew that *bitter* ſtream of *Pegaſus*,
That prompted *Naſo* with *De Triſtibus*:
Of this they largely drinking *to their fill*,
Did into farre more *bitter tears* diſtill,
Sounding aloud, in hideous lamentation,
As when *Plague*, *Sword*, and *Famine* fright a Nation.
I *wondring*, curiouſly the cauſe deſir'd,
VVhich ſo *much wit*, and ſo much *grief* requir'd,
'Twas anſwer'd in a *ſad*, and *doleful* voyce,
By one whoſe *ſorrows* did ſurmount his *noyſe*.
Alas! of *all good men* (of ſuch though bleſt,
The *Catalogue's* but ſhort) we 'ave loſt *the beſt*;
Prince in his Tribe, *his Countries Patriot*,
By *election* made, not *undiſcerning Lot*;
A *juſt*, *wiſe*, *honeſt*, *noble* Senator,
Lover of *Peace*, *contentious Arbiter*,
Patron of *Learning*, *Poverties releiſe*,
The Angels joy, and *eaſe* unto *friends grief*.
Farewell, *brave Soul*, whom now the *Saints* do greet,
In all things high, but in *thine own conceit*.
These great *Elog'iums* did me little move,
(A ſtranger to his *perſon*, and his *love*:)
Beſide, I knew that *Poets*, ſome for *gaine*,
Many for *feare*, and more for *hunger*, ſtraine
The muſick of their *pliant*, *giddy* paſſion,
To any humour of *Mecanas* faſhion;
Yet ſome impreſſion I muſt needs admit,
Seeing whole *Families*, and *Hamblets* ſit
Like *Iſrael* by *Euphrate* diſcontent,
As if his *abſence* were their *baniſhment*.
I therefore did unto the *Funerall ſhow*,
If not a *Party*, yet *Spectator* goe;
There was the *much lamented herſe* let down,
In hope of reſurrection to a *crown*;

In *silent vault* confin'd with *worms*, and *dust*,
Where *marble* must *consume*, and *iron rust*;
Whence we expect a *glorious release*,
For th' seeds corruption tendeth to *increase*.
But when I saw the *mournful Damager*,
Like *Mary Magdalen* by th' *Sepulcher*,
Fixing her eyes upon the *greedy grave*,
Which humane flesh *unsatisfi'd* doth crave;
As if in that *cold bed* she'd rather lye,
Then part with her old loving company.
When *Children*, *Nephews*, *Kinsmen* there stood dumb,
Like *Images*, to deck the *dead Knights Tomb*;
I could not then refraine, but these tears lent,
As *drops to th' Sea*, their sorrow to augment.
Sure he was very good, who when life sayl'd,
Left so much *wealth* behind, and's yet bewayl'd;
Whose *heir* can slightly look *upon his gold*,
And wish't ith' *live Testators hand* untold?
But grieve not *Sirs*, nor envie him, his mind,
He's far above what he hath left behind;
Nathaniel is not dead, but was entic'd,
To leave his Fig-tree, for to follow Christ.

Edmund Vnderwood.

A Funerall Elegie on the Right Worshipfull Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston.

WHen *Abner* dy'd, King *David* then could say,
A great man fell in Israel that day.
But how may *we* lament, to see *Gods hand*,
Thus snatch this *great and good* man from our Land?

This

This our right Worthy, Sir *Nathaniel*,
Who did not ſuffer *guile in him to dwel*;
But when our *giddy-headed Nation* run
After ſtrange *Meteors*, he moſt like the *Sun*,
Kept on his courſe in *Juſtice*, *Truth*, and *Right*,
And ſhin'd more clearly in *their ſable night*.
Rend now your hearts, and be confounded all,
That love the truth, at *Barnardiſtons* fall;
When *ſuch ſtrong pillars* from *the Church are ta'ne*
VVhat can we judge *in reaſon* to remaine,
But deſolation? yet great *Jove* can ſtill
Extract *much good* from greateſt ſence *of ill*.
Near *forty years* hath he moſt glorious been,
In *ſtrengthning vertue*, and *ſuppreſſing ſin*;
Of all that knew him was he moſt *renown'd*;
And now by God that made him *to be crown'd*,
And in *immortal glory* ſhall remaine,
Until that day that *all ſhal riſe againe*:
And then with *Chriſt his Saviour* ſhal appear,
To judge all thoſe that were *Apoſtates* here.

John Soame, Gent.

An Elegie on the much lamented death of Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiſton*.

VVEre I indued with that *learned ſkil*,
To mourn *thy doleful* death, *with ſuch a quil*
As might it *grave in lines*, as faire, as thoſe
Thou wrot'ſt *thy noble life* in; and compoſe

Each *sillable* by so exact a square,
As that whereby thy *actions* formed were;
Then might I such an Elegie invent,
As should thy death unto the life lament;
Then such sad accents, such a doleful verse
I might breath forth, as might become *the herse*
Of a *Nathaniel*, and might fully tell,
How sad's the *death* of one that *liv'd* so well:
How as th' Inamorato of *Sol's* ray,
The *Heliotrope*, which in the *lightsome day*
Displayes its widest beauty to his light,
Doth *closed mourn* his absence in the night:
So doth the Country, which *with great desire*
VVont to receive th' *influence* of that fire
Of prudent Piety, which from thy brest
Sent forth *most glittering rayes*, but now (th' art blest
Else-where with light *more glorious*, and dear)
Lament thy setting in our *Hæmisphear*.
But 'tis *an Art* my ruder Pen can't reach,
To mourn thee as *becomes*; and so to teach
Strangers to know thy *pious worth*, and see
How great a joy all good men lost in thee.
Besides, to speake so highly *in thy praise*,
As thy true worth requires, may chance to raise
In some mens mindes *mistrust of flattery*,
And thy *due praise* be thought *Hyperboly*.
But since perhaps: it might be thought a *crime*,
Now to be *wholly dumb*, at such a time,
When so renown'd a *Heroe* cals to speake;
Somewhat i'le say, though but in *accents weak*,
And yet *but little will I speake*, and that
Not in thy praise; (*Reader*, *do'st start hereat?*)
The reason's this; Not that I envie thee,
That, which is known of all, thy *due* to be;

But

But that thy worth far doth my Pen tranſeend,
And *he that poorly praiſe doth diſcommend.*
Not to diſparage then *thy worth* in Layes,
Too meane by far for *thy deſerved praiſe*:
All that ile ſay is only this, to tell,
Thy worth needs not my praiſe, 't is known ſo well.

Ralph Garnons. *M. A.*

On the Right Worſhipful and ever honoured Knight,
Sir Nathaniel Barnardiſton.

A *Grave! a Funeral!* my Muſe, *no toyes*
Become this Scene, no fancies like decoyes,
To tangle Readers *in a pleaſing maze*
Of *lofty words*, wrapt in *Luxuriant phraſe*:
Theſe are not *ſeaſonable*, now our verſe
Can nought elſe ſpeake, or think of, *but a herſe.*
That *Macedonian Trumpet*, that did bring
Memento mori to a mighty King,
Inſtead of *Ave Phillip*, late hath brought
Vs doleful newes, a ſad diſaſtrous thought.
Stand off, come not too near, *give aire*, give breath,
I faint to ſpeake of late *unweildy death*,
Snatcht not a *Philip*, but *Nathaniel* hence,
An *Iſraelite*, that of no *guile* had ſence,
One whoſe rare piety that's much admir'd,
Speake him *an earthly Angel*, though attir'd
In Robes of Fleſh; one of a *higher* mind,
Then could to *lower* regions be confin'd,
Whoſe *heaven-born ſoul* did ſtill *in contemplation*,
Paſſe o're thoſe *heavenly joyes*, whoſe adumbration

He fully now enjoyes; thoſe pleaſing ſhades,
In ſweet *Elyſium*, where joy never fades:
Thoſe Hills of *Salyma*, where pureſt ſtreams
Make *glad* the *region* of that *Sun*, whoſe beams
Thoſe *healing wings*, continually refreſh
The *Sacred Pilgrim*, when *diſ-rob'd* of fleſh.
There reſts this holy *Saint*; what heretofore
He could but ſee in *part*, and wiſh for more;
H'ath now attain'd: O rare *ſtate of perfection*,
The end of *hope*, *joyes center*, *Saints election*.
Nor did his *ſtrict religion* onely ſpeak
His *Peerleſs* worth, which we (alas) poor, weak,
And crazy mortals, knew not how to prize:
But he had *gifts* more obvious to our eyes,
Love to his Country, whoſe affairs he minded
With ſo *great care*, that none but *envy* blinded
Can ceaſe *condoling him*, whoſe *name* who hears
In future times ſhall *weep himſelf* in tears:
And like ſad *Niobe*, ſtanding o'er his Tomb,
Shall kiſs the *Earth*, in whoſe moſt happy Womb
He lies *inclos'd*, and to his ſacred *Urn*,
As to a *Delphick Oracle*, ſhall run.
But ſtop my *Muſe*, his *Vertues* to tranſcend
Thy weak expreſſion, that perhaps th'end
Thy minde may be miſ-deem'd, and ſome may raiſe
An argument againſt thee from thy *praiſe*:
Better forbear to ſpeak, then ſpeaking wrong
The harmleſs dead, to whom all *praiſe belong*:
Condole we then his loſs, his Vertues pais,
Prais'd by themſelves, engrav'd in firmeſt Brais,
Which time ſhall never wear out, nor *malice blot*,
But *Fame* ſhall render blameleſs *without ſpot*.
Yet this admit, the *more* his *Vertues* ſhone,
Our loſs the *greater*, and the *more* our moan.

O for a *Mount of Tears* to ſleep upon,
Acis or *Bibles*, for a *Hilton*:
But wiſhes boot not, *clear we then our eyes*,
He's ſinging now triumphant *Elegies*.
Whil'ſt we *poor mortals* groveling here below,
Fall ſhort of that his *praiſe*, we fain would ſhow.
This onely dare we own, that for his Herſe,
If *fancy* fail, yet *grief* hath made a Verſe.

Abrah. Garnons, M. A.

The Offering of an Infant-Muſe to the Memory of Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiſton*.

YOu *Sager Heads*, that do attend this Herſe,
Accept the *Homage* of a *Younglings* Verſe.
Tears are *griefs rhetorick*, and a Childe though weak,
Knows how to *weep*, before it learns to ſpeak.
I have my end, although my ſtile be rude;
Who do not ſtudy *wit*, but *gratitude*.
This *Noble Gentleman*, when firſt I came
Into the world, beſtow'd on me my *Name*.
Now he hath lately left the world, ſhall I
Fooliſhly modeſt, ſuffer his to die?
What though far abler *Pens* applaud him, yet
They meant to pay their *own*, and not my *debt*.
His *prayers* for, and *favors* to me ſhown,
No other *Muſe* proclaims beſides my own,
Which though a *new-Born ſpark*, yet ſuch a *Name*,
May quickly mount it up into a *flame*:
A *Name* wherein you nothing *mean*, can ſpy
His *Birth*, *Place*, *Perſon*, *Graces*; all were high

Whileſt

Whileſt here: But now he in thoſe *heights* doth dwell,
That nothing, but an *Angels* tongue can tell.
My *Infant-Muſe* oppreſt with ſuch *bright glory*,
Leaves *flaming Seraphims* to write his *ſtory*.

Nath. Owen.
Anno Ætat. 12°.

Obſequies to the Memory of Sir *Nath. Barnardiſton*, Kt.

GIve leave (my *Friends*) unto this ſable Herſe,
To offer up a *Tributary Verſe*:
Even ſuch, as *love* and *ſorrow* ſhall ſuggeſt:
Sorrow ne'er made good *Poet*, *Love the beſt*.
O! how much rather, *if th'all ordering hand*
Of *Providence Divine* (which none withſtand)
Had ſo diſpos'd, I would have brought this day
My *ſalutary vows*; but now the way
To joy's ſhut up: The *ſcene* which *whylome* we
Thought *Comick*, now ends in a *Tragedy*.
Where were yee *Galen* and *Hippocrates*?
Thou *Paracelſus*, who didſt vainly pleaſe
Thy ſelf, to boaſt with thine *Elixar's* art
To make a man *immortal*? could'ſt that part
Have acted here, or ſome years luſters more,
Have added to his lives leaſe? on this ſcore,
Like loyal *Romans* for *Auguſtus*, we
A *during ſtatue* to thy *memory*
Would have *erected*; grav'd thy name in Braſs,
Laſting to ages glory: But (alas!)

Nor

Nor *Themiſon*, nor *Æſculapius*,
Machaon thou, nor *Podalirius*,
'Mongſt the *Galenick* Nation, though you be
Cheif *Doctors*, could you bring a remedy
To ſuperſede this fate: That hand that gave
This wound (*Achilles* like) could onely ſave:
Then which no other *weapon-ſalve*, I know,
Nor *univerſal medicine* here below.
He's therefore gone, and we alive to ſee,
The *Monument of our mortality*,
His ſacred reliques; and remember what
He was in's life, and ſtudy to be that.
But is there *any* that will undertake,
To write his copy; I fear his hand will ſhake,
Or's *Penſil's* dull, or ſome fault in his eyes,
That he'l indent deform'd obliquities.
Yet his *clear eye*, and *ſteady hand* ne'er drew,
But *ſtrait lines* from the center, for he knew
And learn'd from ſuch a *maſter*, who alone
Could guide the *hand* and *hearts* poſition.
And ſo he guided was, that few are ſeen
On this worlds Theater, or er'ſt have been
Equal *proficients* with him in this art,
This *heavenly art* of living well; which part
He much adorn'd, and 'twas his *greateſt grace*,
And worth's *embelliſhment* in ſuch a place,
As God had ſet him, to be *good* as *great*;
Goodneſs and *greatneſs*, both well here did meet
In him. How ſoon began! for in his prime
He choſe (not like *luxurious youth*) his time
To ſpend in th'ages *wanton revellings*;
But ſought that *merchandize*, which onely brings
That great *advantage* (after all his care
And travel) now poſſeſs'd, without all fear

Of looſing: he by *firm indenture* bound
Himſelf to God, not for years; for he found
They might *expire*, and's Fathers legacy
Was more then this poor worlds *annuity*.
Therefore in graces tenure, humbly he
Caſt *anchor* unto all *eternity*.
And now his *torn*, and *weather-beaten bark*
With the worlds *ſtorms* and *tempeſts*, *like the ark*
Puts int' a *quiet harbor*, even as that
Reſted upon the Mountain *Ararat*.
He left this world i'th' ſtorm by *Land* and *Sea*,
Yet he a *calm* and *ſweet tranquillity*
Found in himſelf; as one that *ſwom to Land*,
Having ſcap'd *ſhipwrack*, doth i'th' *Harbor* ſtand
Safe and *ſecure*; yet viewing with ſad eyes
The *Monuments* of *Neptune's* cruelties:
Or he whoſe ſhip from ſome *far Countrey* bound,
Laden with *Gold* and *Spice*, at length hath found
The *wiſhed Port*, prayes that his Friends may ſee,
The like returns *advantage*; ſo did he,
Having receiv'd his lading home ſecure,
Prayes God, the *States* and *Churches* to enſure.
But whil'ſt we minde his *gain*, we value not
Our *loſs*, nor can: The Saints indeed have got
One that will bear a part with them, whil'ſt we
Are left to ſing a doleful Elegie.
To mourn, becomes us well; here needs no art
To paint a *tear*, that comes not from the heart:
Or that we hire ſome ancient *praefica's*
To howl their *well-diſſembled mania's*.
For ſuch ſad Sables (*Sorrows Livery*)
Well may they hold a *ſemblance* to the *eye*,
Of ſome thing which we ſee; but for the reſt
Behinde the Curtain, *Cannot be expreſt*.

So

So did that *Artiſt* when he came to draw
The *Parents* grief, for *Iphigenia*,
Caſt o'er a veil, (the reſt within made good
By an *Apoſiopeſis* underſtood)
Then draw the *Curtain* here (my *Muſe*) and tell,
The World thou can'ſt with no *lines* parallel,
Their grief, whoſe *honor* 'twas once to have had,
A *Wife*, or *childes* relation here: So ſad
Appears the Scene, *There's none that bears apart*
A mourning robe, without a mourning heart.

Yet once again (thou *Cypreſs* tree)
Let me now pluck a branch from thee;
Bitter conſtraint, and ſaddeſt wo,
(Alas) *compels me ſo to do.*
Thou won't'ſt not to receive a call
To every vulgar funeral.
We'll therefore not *impropriate*
Thy cuſtom, ſince 'tis our ſad fate
To looſe a *Heroe* of that worth,
As nature rarely bringeth forth.
Mourn then, for on this woful Beer
Lies one, that hath not left his *Peer*.
For whom the *Heavens* (as if too long,
They had expected him among
His *Fellow Saints*) at laſt have ſent
Now to compleat their Parl'ament.

Saxa ruunt Mauſoli invisa, ruuntq; Coloſſi
Mole ſua; & ſi quæ porro Monumenta vetuſtas
Condidit, illa abolevit edax; vel quicquid Apelles
Pinxerit, aut ſi quid Lyſippus duxerit olim,

Apparent nusquàm (ne subsistente ruinâ.)
At meliora tibi pietas Monumenta locavit,
Quippe fides tua clara (ævo rarissima nostro)
Te petræ inseruit. Titulo te posse carere
Ergone Marmoreo? licet aut componere parvis
Maxima? Namq; Choro cœlesti ascriptus iniquum
Ut remeare velis divisis mente Britannis.
Qui tamen, (etsi nos tot blandimenta nepotes
Chara reliquisti) superes ubi nulla cupido
Invadet redeundi, non si populusve senatus
Antiquum ad meritumq; locum revocare potesset.
Consociare tuis, te suaviloquentior usquàm
Nec fuerat dum tu fueras, nec amantior ullus
Qui potuit. Quoties dextram (Venerande) benignam
Tu mihi, quàm gratos amplexus sæpe dedisti,
Nulli ementitos? verus monitorq; fidelis
Idque frequens mihi; cultor eras quia tu neque parens
Numinis atque alios mecum suadere solebas.
Oh quoties & quæ nobis memoranda locutus
Digna velut clavo maneant infixa trabali?
Nam neque tu quenquam vano sermone morari,
Pejorem solitus coram aut demittere tristem.
Quos vultus, quales vidi candore micantes!
Atque oculos? mihi quos spectare (heu non licet ultra.)
At nunquam? Oh nunquam nostras resonabit ad aures
Vox antiqua sonos modulans mihi quàm bene notos:
Nam mihi nunc superas heu dissociabilis; oras
Lenta nimis vela impellent suspiria nostra
Hasce iterum infidas, ut frustrà referre conemur.
Ast ego quandoquidem nobis te fata tulerunt,
O quàm te memorem, & memorans suspiria fundam,
Dum mæstus reddam solennia vota Sepulchro.

Joh. Clopton. *Genti*

An

An Epicedium upon the death of that thrice worthy Knight,
Sir Nathaniel Barnardiſton, *eminent for Piety*
to God, love to the Church, and fidelity
to his Country.

IT's *eaſie* for to write an Elegie
On common fates, *great ſorrows ſtupifie*;
A *toe* or *finger* loſt, we can complain,
But wounds receiv'd in *liver, heart*, or *brain*,
(Theparts that be *architectonical*)
Oppreſs the ſence, we ſhould *complain* withall.
A cask that nought, but *the light air doth hold*,
Sounds far more ſhrilly, then one *fil'd with gold*;
Fleet ſtreams are clamorous, the deepeſt joyes
And ſorrows, their own *depth* do keep from noyſe.
Our loſſe ſo vaſt, as would *a country* breake,
We want both *help* to *bear*, and *ſtrength* to *ſpeak*.
What is't to hear a *wife*, or *children* cry,
Should ſuch a *father*, ſuch a *husband* dye?
Or a few *mournful Schollars* make this moan,
Our dear *Mecænas*, our beſt friend is gone;
Th' expences of a ſorrow that's *thus large*,
Should be borne out *at a whole Nations charge*;
A *publick taxe of grief*, whole ſubſidies
Of tears, and freely given, wil ſcarce ſuffice.
Where are you all, who while he was alive
Own'd none but him, your repreſentative?
Reſound a *Barnardſtons* name, cannot that breath
Which ſilenc'd other Rivals, ſilence Death?
Shal *the graves priſon* your free choyſe prevent,
And break a *priviledge of Parliament?*

Tell him, he hath your ſuffrages, leaſt we
Judge *you have* loſt your voyce, *as wel as he*;
But ſince *your tongues* avail not, *let your eyes*
Diſcharge their laſt debt to his *obſequies*.
Tears have a ſtrong (though ſilent) *eloquence*;
You cannot *ſpeake*, yet *ſigh* thus out your ſence,
Our Patriot is dead, who oft was known,
Saving our freedoms, to have loſt his own.
From *right* who would *not ſwerve*, or conſcious wreſt,
To *pleaſe* a *ſide*, or ſerve *an intereſt*;
Who liv'd by rule Divine, and human Laws,
And did *not dread the power*, nor *court th' applauſe*
Of the wilde multitude, but firmly ſtood
To his *firſt principles*, and thoſe were good;
And as his Tenents, ſo we may be bold
To ſay, *his honours* and *eſtate* were old.
H'was born to both, had no need to deſire
To warm his hands, by's neighbours houſe on fire.
His plentiful revenues did not riſe
To higher rates, ſince *taxes* and *exciſe*;
Fames trump found's forth his *anceſtours renown*,
When th' *Henries*, and the *Edwards* wore the *crown*;
Muſhrooms of Gentry can ſtreight from a *blew*
Be dipt in ſcarlet, which is honours hue,
Yet in his *birth* and *bloud* he found a ſtaine,
Till 'twas *ennobled*, and *he* born again.
You *reverend Divines* go on to tell
His following ſtory, whom he lov'd ſo wel.
You are *Gods Heraulds*, and by place deſign'd,
T' *emblazon* his moſt noble *haan'n-born* mind;
His faith moſt vigorous, though croſt by ſence,
Could graſp a promiſe, eye *omnipotence*;
Through the *black clouds*, that 'fore the *Church* were (drawn,
He could fore-ſee her *day was neer to dawn.*

The

The rage of enemies now grown ſo ſtout,
He judg'd a *blaze*, before their *light* went out;
His *zeal* tow'ring aloft to heavenly things,
Yet was *diſcreet*, *had eyes*, *as wel as wings*;
Humble in height of place, troubles he knew,
Though great, yet juſt, by bearing, to ſubdue.
His love to Chriſt, the *Church*, *ſhone* bright as day,
Ireland can witneſſe, yea *America*:
In all theſe he enjoy'd the name, and *ſtile*
Of a true Iſraelite, *and free from guile*,
Though not from ſin, yet in a Goſpel ſence,
Sincerity is counted Innocence.
This, at his death, caus'd him ſuch peace within,
For *death* ſcares *none*, but where *it meets with ſin.*
His *Noble Lady* now diſconſolate,
Like a *true Turtle*, which hath loſt her *Mate*,
And ſad poſterity *known by their eyes*,
We do not here invite to *ſimpathize*;
'Twere cruelty to ſtraine a *bleeding* ſore,
Inſtead of ſtanching to provoke it more.
Oh, dry your tears up, whilſt you ſtil *complain*;
You only mind *your loſs*, but not *his gain*;
Were't not more love for to rejoyce, as he
Doth there, then to wiſh him our miſery?
Repine not at his *change*, would you again
Hear him *complaining* under *ſin*, and *pain*?
We in retired corners melt our *eyes*
In *tears*, and breath our *ſpirits* out in *ſighs*,
Whilſt he in glory is *triumphant*; where
He never hears a *groan*, nor ſees a *tear.*
Our *Muſe* ſings nought but *Elegies*, his tongue
Is now a chanting forth *a marriage ſong.*
Grieve not at his new honour lately ſent,
To ſit ith' *upper houſe of Parliament*,

VVhere

VVhere all three States agree, and none doth ſtrive
For Priviledges, or Prerogative;
Before whoſe bar other great Courts ſhal come,
To give up their accounts, and hear their doom:
In this the worlds ſupream juſt Councel, none
Can cauſe, or fear a diſſolution.

Ergo triumphatis inferni finibus, ipſâ
Morte exarmatâ, regna ſuperna petis.
Quid non fata regunt? ſenio monumenta fatiſcunt;
Ipſaq; cernuntur poſſe ſepulchra mori:
Sed pietas & rara fides patriæq; cupido
Fervida vicerunt jura ſuperba necis.
Dignum hunc laude virum, lex, plebs, eccleſia, clerus,
Cætera ſi taceas, vivere muſa jubet.
Ciſtula diffringi potuit, ſed gemma ſuperſtes
Uſq; nitens, nullo eſt interitura die.
Non is vana fuit ingentis nominis umbra,
Præmia ſed meritis fama minora dedit.
Quem non prava jubent irati principis ardor,
Non populi rabies mente quatit ſolida.
Perſtitit ut rupes variis vexata procellis,
Fixa baſi firma, quæ tamen uſq; ſtetit.
Heu! vereor ne hac magna domus ſuſſulta columnis,
Tam validis, ruptis biſce, miſella cadat.

Joh. Owen.
Rect. Wrat. par.

To

To the Memory of that renowned Knight, Sir *Nath. Barnardiſton*;

LOok as the *Heliotrope* the Sun's lov'd flower,
That ſpreads *the yellow curtain* of her bower
At his fair riſing, *cloſes it again*
When he declineth weſtward to the main:
Ev'n ſo ſhould we, (our *Phœbus* gone to bed,)
Shut in our joyes, and hang a drooping head:
Our lips in *ſables* dreſſe, *cloſe mourners* all,
Our tongues are to pronounce a funerall;
A *Barnſton's* funerall; recall that name,
A *name ſo old*, 'twil fit the *trump* of fame;
A *name too heavie* for a ſlender quil,
Whoſe very *echo* would a *Nation* fill;
A *name ſo good*, poſterity may run
Diviſion on that name, *till time were done*.
Pardon (*great Sir*) we cannot ſpeak thy worth,
Apollo's tongue-ty'd, and muſt *liſp* it forth;
To ſcore each vertue on thy *noble tombe*
Would ſtrike *invention*, and the *Muſes* dumbe.
What *Quire of wel-breath'd Lungs* ſcrew'd ne'r *ſo high*,
Can reach the *Ela* of that harmony,
That did *concenter* in thy pious breſt,
Warb'ling forth *Airs*, ſuch as the *Sphears* might feaſt;
Sweet conſort! where the *Graces* tune their throats,
And vertues chant their *Polyphonian* notes,
Striving t' excel in *thoſe divíner Layes*,
And crown their Maſter with *cœleſtial* bayes.
But oh! we lack an *Orpheus* in our eares
That might diſtinguiſh (*they are ſtopt with tears*)

Each lofty ſtraine; each Key ſoftly reſound,
And take each *quaver* at the firſt rebound;
Our ſence is dul, and cannot comprehend
The words they breath'd, unleſs his Ghoſt do ſend
A *key* t' unlock the *cloſet* of his heart,
(Which may their language to our eyes impart)
We muſt deſpair to read thoſe *Heav'n-borne tones*,
And be content to ſpel their *minde* in groans.
Sure 'twas his *Muſick* call, he's gone from hence
To *Heav'ns-Kings Chappel*, there for to *commence*
Doctor in glory, and hath left us here
To celebrate *his* ſeaſt, our funeral chear.
Oh! how *his* conſort, and *his* mourful train,
Their Criſtal ciſterns broach, draw, tun again,
Brim full with tears, each *tender eye* o'reflows,
And proves a running banquet in the cloſe.
That friend, who brings a pallate in *his eyes*,
May fill his ſtomach at theſe obſequies.
But now our dear *Mecænas* leads the way,
Come, come; enough, our ſorrows cannot ſtay:
The ſlow-pac'd Mourners wait upon the herſe,
And teach their feet to tread *elegiac verſe*:
The vertues which were *inmates* in his breſt,
Hover about, now they have loſt their neſt;
And fear leſt they who had a cage of gold
Be forc'd to wander (charity's ſo cold)
Nay beg for harbour, *woo each heart they meet*,
Yet find no lodging but a winding-ſheet.
Unhappy hand of fate, that went about
To make the *holes* whereat theſe *Birds flew out!*
Theſe pretty *Philomeles* hop from flag to flag,
Filling th' air with *ſweetneſs*, as they wag
Their lovely wings, each eare with *elogies*,
And thus extol their patron to the skies.

What

VVhat *ſoaring pinion's* able to expreſſe
That wel ground *conſtancy*, the ſole impreſſe
That rul'd thy actions, and as firmly ſtood
As doth the *Oke* the Monarch of the wood;
VVhoſe ſtately towring top ſcorns to ſtrike ſayl,
(Like to the Poplar) to each *whiſſling gale*,
And dance a *quaver* with a trembling bough,
VVhen *Boreas* plays a *crochet* on his brow?
Men nowadays in ſuch a poſture ſtand,
That's ready to receive each baſe command:
Blow what wind wil, like the wind-ſerving Vane,
They wil comply, then as you were again.
Mechanick ſpirits with their ſupple joynts
Can ſing the changes to a thouſand points,
And pleaſe their ears too with that *Stygian ſound*,
That's harſh enough ev'n *Babel* to confound.
But *Barnſton* moved in an higher ſphear,
Diſdain'd to crouch unto degenerous fear,
And on the *Hinges* turn his Patron knee,
To dance the humours of *diſloyalty*.
Bluſh, bluſh you ſervile natures, that can mould
Your very ſouls into what frame you would;
New caſt your moulds, and work your brittle clay
To ſuch a temper, as with honour may
Heav'ns-broad-backt Porter *Atlas* ſtrength excel,
And under-prop the Churches cittadel,
And tott'ring ſtate. A pillar we have loſt
By deaths unhappy ſtroke (our glory's croſt)
An ancient *Pillar*, whoſe firm *baſis* ſtood
Supporters of the *truth*, and what was good,
Ev'n when ſurrounded with the dangerous ſeas
Of Errors, Schiſms, and Metamorphoſes;
Call it *Seths* pillar, wonder, and vouchſafe
To read th' inſcription in this Epitaph;

Behold *Nathaniel*, sayes sacred style,
An Isra'lite indeed, in whom's no guile;
An holy vessel *tunn'd with noble breath*,
By Surgeons broacht, to be drawn out *by death*.
Mirrour of *goodness*, and of *constancy*,
Gods gift, *our losse*, within this vault doth lye.

Quò te, mæsta pedes? an quò via ducit, in ædem?
Musa; perantiquum quid petis ægra locum?
Fortè sepulchrales mens est invisere sedes,
Et veterum exuvias; ossaq; spectra times?
Flebilis illa refert, vix ora in verba resolvens,
Heu! cineres magni nominis urna tenet!
Et dictura fuit Barmston, dolor occupat ora,
Sic vox ipsa hæret faucibus: exit Io.
Te sequar; at lentis pedibus modò currite versus;
Funeris, heu, mæstos cogor inire modos!
Stella serena poli cecidit jam gloria nostri;
O decus! O nostri stella serena poli!
Hac signante viam, non qualem erraticus ignis
Nil metuit populus, stagna profunda, dolos.
Infaustos nusquam radios diffudit in orbem,
Evomuitve iras, bella nefanda, neces.
Indidit huic nullas vires natura malignas,
Quales cancer habet, scorpius, atq; canis.
Quin dedit aspectus æquos frontemq; benignam:
Luce sub innocuâ non latet ulla lues.
Scilicet innumeri fulgent hinc indè planetæ,
Et nova dispergunt lumina: quale decus
Fert quasi stelliferam per dorsum stellio sphæram:
Sed cave, tabificam pixida pectus habet.
Lucifer Angelico zeli larvatus amictu,
Decipit incautum credulitate gregem.

Augustam

Auguſtam Phœbi faciem mortalibus ægris
Invida opaco auſert corpore Luna ſuo.
Non tulit hæc noſtrum, magno dum luxit in orbe
Æquali peragens trauæa Sydus iter.
Mecœnas, Trabeatus, Eques, Paſcit, Colit, Ornat,
Clerum, Jus, Patriam, Munere, Voce, Fide.
Singula quid memorem? Nil non laudabile Barnſton,
Stemmata nobilitans, ſtemmate priſca ſuo.
Nubibus immunis tranſlato eſt mortis Horizon,
Occaſu claro, pulchrior ortus erit.

Ra. Aſtel.

An Elegy on the Death of the Right Worſhipful Sir NATH. BARNARDISTON.

IF *Davids* Worthies, God himſelf recount
In *Writ Divine*, which doth *humane ſurmount*.
If *Chriſt*, the anointing of his holy Head
Deign'd, as an honor done t'his *Funeral Bed*;
And to requite this pretious *Maries* favor,
Embalm'd her *name* with Everlaſting ſavor.
Then do we not amiſs, this *faithful Knight*
To praiſe and recommend; if ſo me might
Hereafter move to *pious emulation*,
Poſterity by *holy imitation*.
And not his *Son* alone, to bear the Name
And Heir his Grace, but others gain the fame
Of being like this er'ſt renowned *Knight*,
To equal and ſurpaſs him, if they might.

(Whil'st others envy) *Ministers* are bound,
His praise by Word, and writing forth to sound.
To him who did *Prophets* on Earth receive,
Prophets reward, both God and Man shall give.

Nathaniel dono coruscus Barnardiston
Vixit in hac terra nobilitatem Eques.
Vixisset semper, regeret si stamina vitæ
Vox populi, cujus claruit auspiciis.
Clarus ad invidiam, quem sic neq; dira simultas
Flexit ab officio carcere, sive minis.
Mista priora novis, nec summa pericla movebant
Obstrictum Patriæ cum pietate Deo.
Eripit hunc nobisq; suis mors scæva, videmur
Orbatam patriam flere, perinde domum.
Quem Deus indulsit, rapuit mors sæva, queremur,
Non rapuit reddens officiosa Deo.
Ossa quidem nobis anima ascendente reliquit;
Elapsam ut vestem quam tenet arca pia,
Qua, Deus expurgans simul & fulgore deaurans,
Regis in adventu vestiet ad thalamos.
Hæc vates sperans, ovat gestitq; videre
Nunc Monumenta spei, tunc documenta rei.

Observantiæ causa posuit.

Clemens Rey.

On

On the Death of that moſt Illuſtrious and worthy Knight Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiſton.*

OFt have I ſeen (in veiwing *Monuments*)
Of *Roral Drops* from Marble ſtrange deſcents:
Wonder not why this Rocky Marble weeps;
For lo! here Noble *Barnardiſton* ſleeps
The ſleep of death; 'tis ſtrange to *cloudy ſence*,
That in the Tomb there ſeems no difference
'Twixt juſt and unjuſt, *Pebble* and the *Gem*.
Here *vertue* ſeems to wear no *Diadem*.
'Tis ſtrange here ſeems to fall ſuch *equal lots*
Upon the *Traitors*, and true *Patriots*.
But ceale fond *heart* to wonder, 'tis not hard,
God is to ſuch th'exceeding great *reward*;
And ſure to him, who yet could ne'r be wone
To act a *Proteus* in *Religion*.
Reward in life, he met with great renown,
God did his *faithful aſſs* with glory crown.
Reward in death, for (when the world ſhall ſee
Thoſe *Phantoms* in duſt interred be,
Both names and bodies too; and them ſhall laugh
To ſcorn, to ſee no better *Epitaph*
Then this: *Lo here their skeletons are laid,*
Who once their Country, and their Church betray'd:)
His name ſhall live as one, that *witneſs'd* well
Himſelf to be a true Nathaniel.

ACROSTIC.

N omen in æternum, Barnardiſtone, perenne
A uguſta humanum pectus dum capſula condit,

Tu lampas terris ast inter sydera cœli,
Haud minimus meliore tui jam parte manebis:
Accingens radiis nitidis tua tempora Phœbus,
Noster amator eras, artis sophiæq; patronus:
Imminuere decus gentis, virtutis honorem
Electi Heroes; fidei tu semper amicus;
Lex tibi grandis erat virtus quæ nescia vinci.

Bruma perennis adest nobis te sole cadente,
Astra calore carent nitidi sine lumine Phœbi,
Rara fides genti virtus procerumq; propago,
Nostrorumq; decus capitis tua gloria magni,
Ast nihili pendens, tu talia Σκυβάλα Christi
Respectuq; Dei: sacrato sanguine venas,
Diluvians, causa est magni Theodore triumphi
In cœlo solio frueris semperq; frueris.
Siste viator iter: vultum cortina recondit
Talem quem memores lacrimarum flumine deflent
Omnes, dona Dei nobis cum numina poscunt,
Nos decet hanc deflere vicem, gemituq; dolere.

Josephus Skinner, *M. A.*

An Elegie on the Right Worshipfull Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiston.*

HEre's one that was an *Isra'lite* sincere,
In whom all noble vertues did appear;
A faithfull *Patriot*, one that ever stood
Firme to *Gods Cause*, and to his *Countries* good;
And yet by cruel death's impartiall hand
Laid level with the dust: *Who can withstand*

Death's

Death's all commanding power? this tyrants Law
Is that which keeps the univerſe in awe;
He nips *the Infant bloſſom* when it ſprings,
And aged Snow to diſſolution brings:
And though the *faded Roſe* year after year,
With a *freſh colour* in her leaves appear;
Age knows no ſpring, and death will not reſtore
His ſtollen goods, *till time ſhal be no more.*
O happy thoſe that doe betimes begin
To love Chriſt Jeſus, and to leave off ſin;
To walk in holy wayes with *Simeon* old,
That in the armes of *faith* their *Saviour* hold.
The life of ſuch *is* bleſt, their *death* much more,
For then they reſt from labour, not before.
Thus (worthy *Barnardiſton*) thou art bleſt,
Who from thy labours and all pains *doſt reſt.*
Death which for thee a crown of gold prepares,
Gives unto us a thorny crown of tears,
And puts us in a mourning frame, for *we*
Cannot but have *ſad hearts*, when as we ſee
The Chariots and the Horſmen yeeld to fate,
And *few* ſuch left to guide the affairs of State:
But yet our grief for thee ſhall not proceed,
'Tis charity to give to thoſe that need,
That's to our ſelves; *our miſeries and feares*
Require not only *floods*, but *ſeas* of tears.
Therefore for thee we'l ceaſe our lamentation,
And tak't up for *our ſelves*, and for the Nation;
Though for our loſſe *we cannot chuſe* but grieve,
This comfort ſhal our paſſions yet relieve;
That heav'n is joyful, and thy bleſſed ſtate
Shall be a means our griefs *to mitigate.*
O what a happy ſtate it were, if we
Had no more cauſe of ſorrow *but for thee.*

ACROSTIC.

N on audis noſtras, Barnardiſtone, *querelas*,
A ut lacrymis opus eſſe putas; *ſed funera fletu*
T u tua nos ornare vetas; *at nos tamen ipſi*
H aud ita ſentimus, *vanum licet eſſe fatemur*
A tq; *ſupervacuum pro te* (*vir ſumme*) *dolorem*,
N on ita pro nobis, *nam mors tibi maxima merces*,
I pſa tamen ſummi nobis eſt cauſa doloris,
E t poſcit lacrymarum imbres, *luctumq*; *perennem*,
L uminaq; *ut lacrymis turgeſcant ſemper amaris*.

B uſta viri tanti ſtudeant ornare Camanæ,
A dſit Melpomene, *mœſtiſq*; *beatibus auxas*
R epleat, *& totus reſonet plangoribus æther*,
N am pietas & priſca fides, *& maſcula virtus*
A ngligenumq; *decus*, *jam nunc periiſſe videntur*.
R eligionis honos venerabilis, *artis amicus*
D efunctus jacet hic: *titulis & honore priori*
I mpoſitis parvo turba comitante Sepulchro,
S ed lacrymis jam parce, *ſat eſt*, *non priſtina ineptus*
T e Theodore vivi, *quiſquis vel poſſe putabit*.
O nimium Felix fueris meliore ſenatu,
N il ubi juris habet mors, *mars*, *aut Barbarus hoſtis*.

J. C.

On the much lamented death of the right Worſhipful Sir *Nathaniel Barnardiſton*.

I Wonder not that *Barnardiſton's* dead,
But rather that he ſpun ſo long a thread;

Sure

Sure 'tis a *sound* hath eccho'd through the earth,
Christs verdict on *Nathaniels* second birth.
Behold an *Isra'lite*: 'Twas then a wonder,
But now the *Gloworm* times that we live under,
Write such men *Miracles*, and they we know
Are ceased, dead, and buried long ago.
We would enjoy'd him longer, but we knew
Who was *the gift of God*, was Heavens due.
(So *Job*, he gives and takes) cease then to tell
His worth, whose *Epitaph's* a *Miracle*.

Εἰς αὐτοῦ θάνατον Ἐπίγραμμα.

Τόντε θάνοντα βλέπον τάδ' ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες,
τοῖς μερόπεσσ' ἀδίκας δι' ἐπέθεντο θύρας
Καί φασι παννύχιον εὕδοις βυλήφορον ἄνδρα
ὑ χρὴ, ὑρανίος τὸ πρὶν Ὅμηρος ἔφη.
Εὐθὺ μέλας τότε ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάροιο ὀλώλη
καὶ θεῖος ἄνδρα βλέπειν ὑρανιοῖσι τόποις.

Ανώνυμος.

Memoriæ Sacrum equitis Nobilissimi, Pientissimique Viri, *Nathan. Barnardiston.* Equ. Aur.

Quo te corripis, viator, properans?
In hunc tumulum converte oculos,
Si modo permiserint
Lacrymæ & singultus tui.
Jacet hic

Eques auratus, & vir verè aureus,
Sinè fuco Israelita, & absq; dolo:
Ipsemet enim Nathaniel:
Decus Patriæ, & familiæ antiquissimæ,
Quæ inter trophæa sua hoc jactitat,
Quòd talem peperit.
Amor cleri & Patrocinium:
Orthodoxæ Religionis ingens exemplar & columen,
Veris Evangelii Ministris tutela & præsidium,
Apud eos dum vixerit,
Hi omnes ornarunt calculo
Mortuum,
Lugubri Epitaphio.
Quippe quòd his indulsit, ut parentem decuit,
Ut filium, auscultavit obsequentissime:
Sic quos humi calcavit ætas impia,
Hic fovebat in sinu.
Ipsimet enim in deliciis, quos mundus reputat
Ὡς πάντων περίψημα καὶ τοῦ κόσμου περικαθάρματα.
Lumina ecclesiæ radiantia,
Quæ seculi rabies
Extincta vult, & effossa penitus,
Heu! quoties amplectus est, & (Constantini more)
Deosculatus suaviter.
De se male suisq; metuit
Reformata religio.
Dum illem collapsum [illegible]
Fidei columnam & propugnaculum.
Quem non gementem audies? Abiit, hem obiit
Noster Nathaniel;
Tam cœli quam terræ desideratissimum:
Utrobiq; affulsit splendide,
Hic equestri cinctus gladio,
Illic corona redimitus gloria.

Improba & ætate degeneri.
Cum ultra vivere penitus displicet
Eja! tunc juvat mori,
Ultimi in occasu seculi
Occasum is passus est,
Ut cœlo fulgeat fortiori jubare
Hinc disce Lector;
Tunc tunc nos cœlo maturi sumus
Cum huic sumus mundo decidui.

Posuit honoris
Et debitæ observantiæ ergô.

Johan. Allot.

R^d of Little Thurlow & Wratting.

Chronogramma.

SI patrIæ fIDVs perIIt & VerVs aMICVs,
VIr pIVs atq; bonVs, VIta perennIs erIt.

MOrte manet justis sua spes, post fata, futura
Sæcula cùm venient, ultima cumq; dies.
Optima sanctorum remanebunt lucra virorum
Illorum effari gaudia nemo potest.
Pessima pravorum remanebunt damna virorum
Illorum effari tristia nemo potest.

Epitaphium.

AN justus periit? dici hunc periisse licebit?
Non licet; in Christo non periturus abit.
Ast periit justus, dici hunc periisse licebit?
Heu! periit nobis, non rediturus abit.

Rara avis in terris eſt juſtus, puraq; corda
Sunt inter ſpinas lilia nata Deo.
Eſt conſtantis opus durum quin ampla corona,
Spes perit illius qui recidivus erit.
Temporibus duris frigent pietatis amici
Vani: ſinceri ſe renovare ſolent.
Talis erat vivus Barnardiſtonus, & inter
Omnes emicuit vir bonitatis amans,
Nathaniel vivus fuit, expers fraude doloque
Sincerus, conſtans in pietate fuit.
Funus juſta petit, juſtum hunc plorare debebit
Ne plorate nimis, non decet iſte dolor.
Dum vixit Chriſti valde eſt gaviſus amore,
Cum Domino moriens percupit eſſe ſuo.
Non ſibi ſed Chriſto vixit, nunc mortuus ipſe,
Cum Chriſto cœlis gaudia ſumma ſapit.

Ad Lectorem.

En perit juſtus, perit imbrobuſq;
Sorte communi perit omnis, ecce
Vanitas mundi, cito tranſit ejus
Gloria fallax.

Dum vîges fac ut ſapas ſuperna,
Poſſidens mundum quaſi non haberes;
Eſt pio terris peregrina cœlis
Vita perennis.

Pet. St. Hill.

Juſta

Juſta Nathanieli Barnardiſtono Equiti Aurato.

SIccin' abis? O ſerve Dei ter maxime, ſplendor
Et columen patriæ, & religionis honor.
Heu! nos cur dubio rerum ſub turbine linquis,
Turbatur mediis, publica puppis aquis.
Forſitan ingratum quod ſeſe præbuit orbis,
Præmia nec meritis æquiparanda dedit,
Vel te ſubducis dum tranſit iniqua tyrannis
Cælitus ereptus, quod ſuper aſtra regas?
Irrita vota forent terris obſtante caterva,
Sed fient cœlis omnia quæq; velis.
Te te priſca fides, teque ipſa Eccleſia poſcit
Patronum, ſer opem, jam celerato pedem.
Quid ſtas? at cadis heu! Deus optime ferſq; referſq;
Gloria quòd dederis ſit tribuenda tibi.
Subtrahis heu nobis, Deus optime quodq; dediſte,
Quod tibi cum placeat, gloria ſumma tibi.
Abſtinet a lacrymis quis jam? turgentia guttis
Lumina quis non fert? nocte dieq; fluunt.
Ac veluti fierent modò lumina flumina; cordum
Hinc gemitus, dolor hinc, quòd ptus ille jacet.
Qui ſteteras à parte Dei, dum vivus adeſſes,
Mortuus ætheream ingrediare domos.
Miles ut emeritus Chriſti ſplendeſcis honore,
Cœptis ſuſceptis glorificando Deum.
Perditur extremus tuus haud orabilis hoſtis,
Mors Chriſti Domini quod teneare fide.
Ergo præſtiterùs cum quod Deus imperat, euge!
In cameram Domini poſſis inire Dei.

Offert.

Offert se nobis Israelitica nubes,
Parte priore nigrens, posteriore nitens.
Quod fis sublatus sequitur nigredo superstes,
Quod tua progenies emicat, inde nitor.
Ecce triumphantem jam spiritualibus armis,
Non secus ac Christum tu, sequar ipse ducem.

Jo. French. Art. Mag.

Carmen funebre in obitum clarissimi viri
D. Nathaniel Barnardiston.
equitis Aur.

OCcubuit clarus claro de stemmate natus
Barnardistonus, gloria certa suis;
Gloria certa suis, magis an genere an pietate
Emicuit quæras: clarus utroq; fuit.
Sanguinis en quanto fuerat dignatus honore,
Mentis candores pingere nemo potest.
Effigiem veræ virtutis nobilitatis
Candoris nivei religionis habes.
Flete viri, lugete senes, plorate puellæ,
Pulpita mæsta, sacri funeta flete viri.
Nos res lugemus nostras, Ecclesia luget,
Interitum deflet patria mæsta tuum.
Te nobis vitia & mores rapuere maligni,
In cœlis virtus te tua sancta locat:
Terra tegit corpus, mens aureo regnat Olympo,
Fama Anglos inter celsa perennis erit.

Nath. Eyres.

In

In obitum Illuſtriſſimi Domini, D. *Nath. Barnardiſton*, Equitis Aurati.

PRo dolor! inſignis ſuccumbit gloria noſtri,
Nobilium ſplendor, juſtitiæq; decus.
Spes dulcis Patriæ decreſcit te moriente,
Te vivente, tuo lumine tuta fuit.
Ægri te, nudiq; carent, & carcere clauſi;
His data non tarda ſunt tua dona manu.
Muſarum Pater es, qui ſit, poſt funera Patris
Præterea vereor nullus adeſſe velit.
Fulgida ſtella cadit non ultra credita terræ
Immeritæ, at cœlis jam quoq; fixa manet.
Verus amor, ſpes firma, fideſq; inſignia Chriſti,
Omnia florebant pectore clauſa tuo.
Inquè oculis charites habitant & grata venuſtas,
Nec minor es proavis tu pietate tuis.
Cœlitùs hæc bona te ſanctum fecere beatum,
Et nunc in cœlis præmia digna capis.
Te lugeant omnes, lacrymis ſint undiq; ſparſi,
Veſtitus nigros induat omnis amans.
Qui color albus erat, nunc eſt contrarius albo:
Jam, jam, conveniet luctibus ille color.
Hæc ego; dum laudant alii tua facta, tuaſq;
Ingenio laudes uberiore canunt.

Rob. Hobart.

An EPITAPH.

NATHANIEL BARNARDISTON.

Anagram.

And Art Is In An Noble Hart.

A Generous Knight and *Noble Heart* lies here,
I'th' *Art* of *living well*, he had no Peer.
A true *Nathaniel*, and *void of guile.*
Stay and admire (*Reader*) but a while,
Here *Barnardiſton* lies, our ſols bemoan
With briniſh Tears, as doth this *weeping Stone*:
Here lies his *worſt*, in Heaven's his better *part.*
True worth, *And Art Is In An Noble Hart.*

Sylvanus Morgan.

FINIS.

124117